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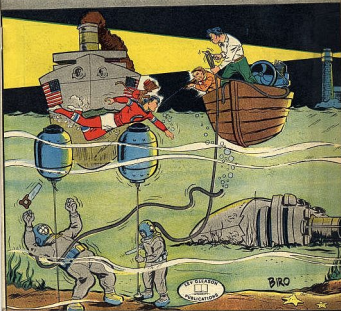
BOY

COMICS

NO. 22

10¢

LETTER: THOMAS, PHILADELPHIA. PRINTED BY BIRD, AND NEW BRIDGE, OHIO.





WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM

GUNS^{OR} LIVES?

IT'S UP TO YOU! AND ME AND
US! ASK YOURSELF THIS QUESTION—
HONESTLY! AM I BUYING AS MANY BONDS AND
STAMPS AS I CAN? ACTUALLY ALL A PERSON NEEDS IS
A ROOF—THREE SQUARE MEALS A DAY—THE CLOTHES ON HIS
BACK! ALL THE MONEY THAT'S LEFT AFTER THE ESSENTIALS, BELONGS
WHERE IT WILL DO THE MOST GOOD AND THAT'S IN BACKING OUR
FIGHTING MEN! IT'S UP TO YOU—IT'S GUNS OR LIVES! BUY THOSE
BONDS, THOSE STAMPS, DO ALL YOU CAN TO SUPPORT UNCLE SAM'S
ALL OUT **7th WAR LOAN DRIVE!**

BE A REAL AMERICAN!

A MESSAGE ESPECIALLY FOR YOU!!

*We the undersigned, the publisher, the editors and leading
characters of America's outstanding comic magazines appeal
to you—urgently.*

*The paper shortage is gravely acute. Paper and paper products,
such as cardboard are among the most essential needs of our armed
forces. We have all done a lot to help the shortage. Newspapers
and magazines have cut down the use of paper enormously—that is
why our magazines have fewer pages these days. People are taking
bundles unwrapped from stores.*

*Everyone is salvaging waste paper. Readers of our magazines
alone have salvaged several million pounds! But anything we have
done in the past is not enough. We must salvage a lot more paper at
once without a moment's delay. We are urging you to get busy today.
Gather up and turn in every scrap of paper you can lay your hands
on. Get your friends to help. In your town there are plenty of agencies
waiting for the paper. Turn it in at once.*

*To you, read this, some fellow is storming an enemy pillbox
single-handed. Do your part by storming the paper front, single-
handed if necessary. It is your war job today.*

Let nothing stand in the way—get going now!

Lev Gleason
publisher

editors Charles Buscoblond

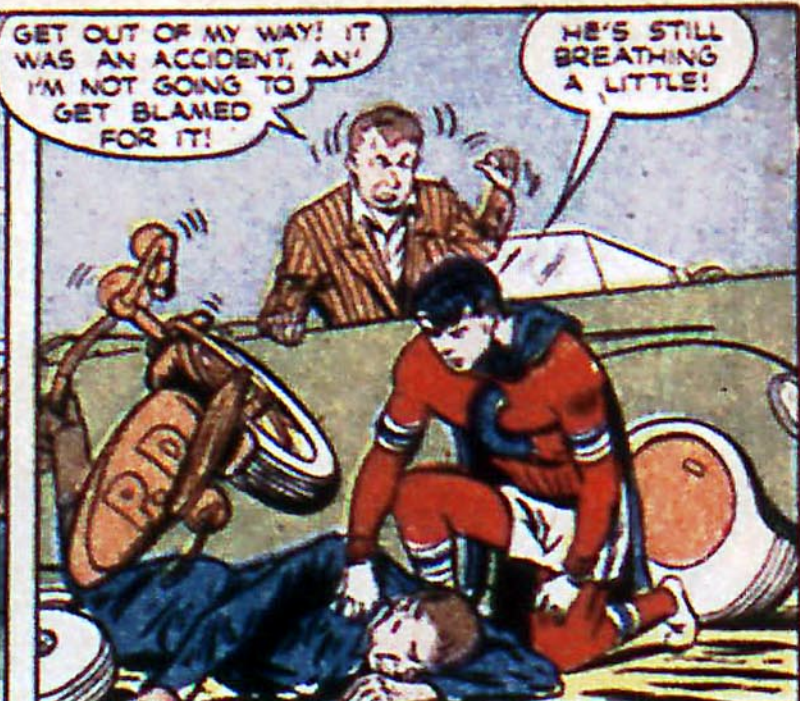
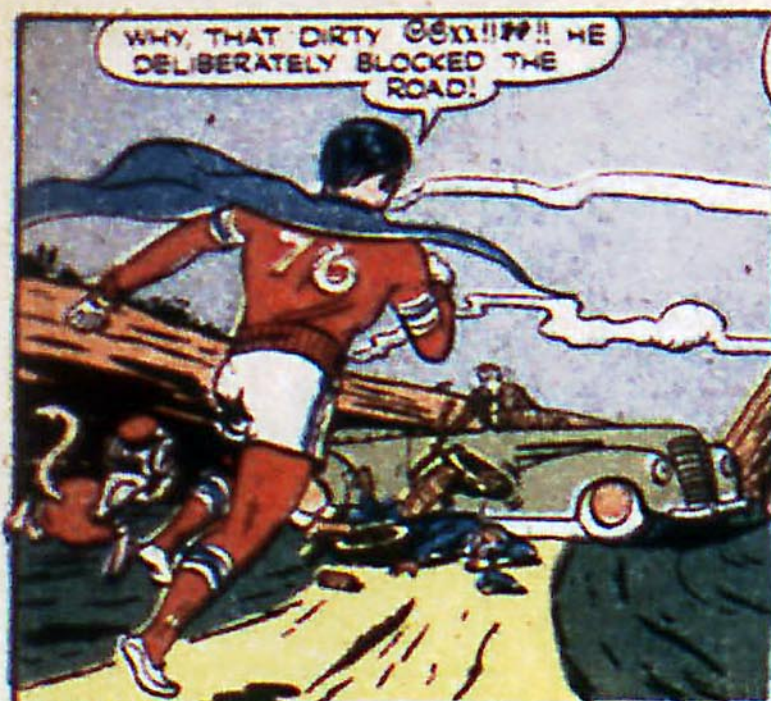
*Wonderlic Gunbuster
The Prince Swampy Storm
Sniffer Young Robin Hood
Uncle George And Depauite*

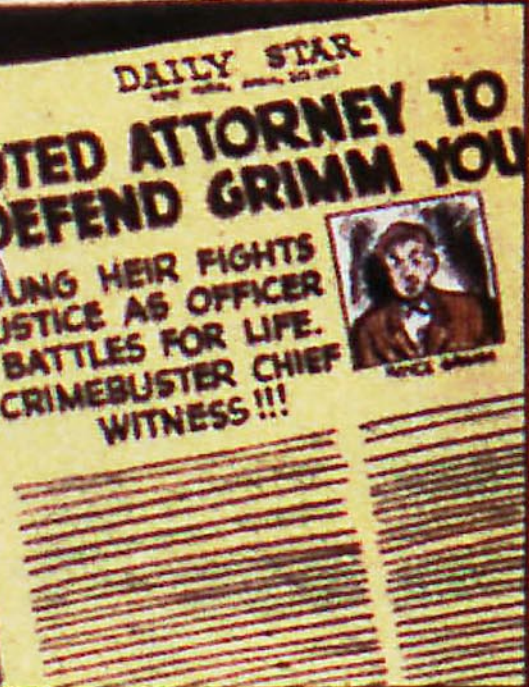
CRIMEBUSTER

OVER
THREE YEARS
OF HELL ON A
FLOATING DEVIL'S
ISLAND—THE FOUR
HORSEMEN OF DEATH
RIDE THE WAVES IN
A SCREAMING
CHALLENGE TO
CRIMEBUSTER'S
DARING!







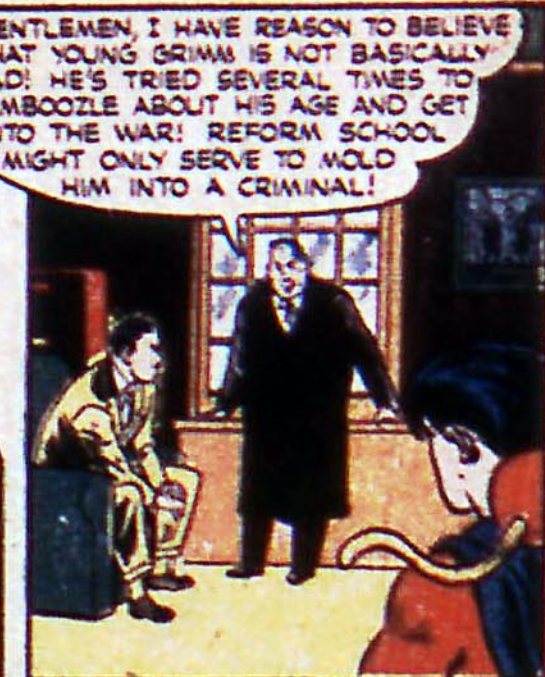




GRIMM WENT BY ME AT ABOUT 80 MILES AN HOUR WITH OFFICER CURRAN A HUNDRED YARDS IN THE REAR! WHILE TRYING A SHARP TURN, HIS CAR STOPPED—BLOCKING THE ROAD—THUS CAUSING THE ACCIDENT!



DUE TO THE FACT OFFICER CURRAN HAS DENIED PROSECUTION THIS CASE HAS DEVELOPED UNFORSEEN DIFFICULTIES. THEREFORE, I'M CALLING A FIFTEEN MINUTE RECESS, WHILE I HOLD A PRIVATE HEARING IN MY CHAMBERS.



GENTLEMEN, I HAVE REASON TO BELIEVE THAT YOUNG GRIMM IS NOT BASICALLY BAD! HE'S TRIED SEVERAL TIMES TO BAMBOOZLE ABOUT HIS AGE AND GET INTO THE WAR! REFORM SCHOOL MIGHT ONLY SERVE TO MOLD HIM INTO A CRIMINAL!



HOWEVER, JUSTICE MUST BE SERVED. IF YOU WILL ACCEPT THE RESPONSIBILITY I CAN RELEASE HIM IN YOUR CUSTODY, CRIMEBUSTER! OTHERWISE, I MUST PASS SENTENCE!

I SHALL BE GLAD TO SERVE THE COURT, YOUR HONOR!

A FINE IDEA!



AND SO, ROYCE GRIMM, I SENTENCE YOU TO ONE YEAR AND SUSPEND IT, TO RELEASE YOU IN THE CUSTODY OF CRIMEBUSTER!

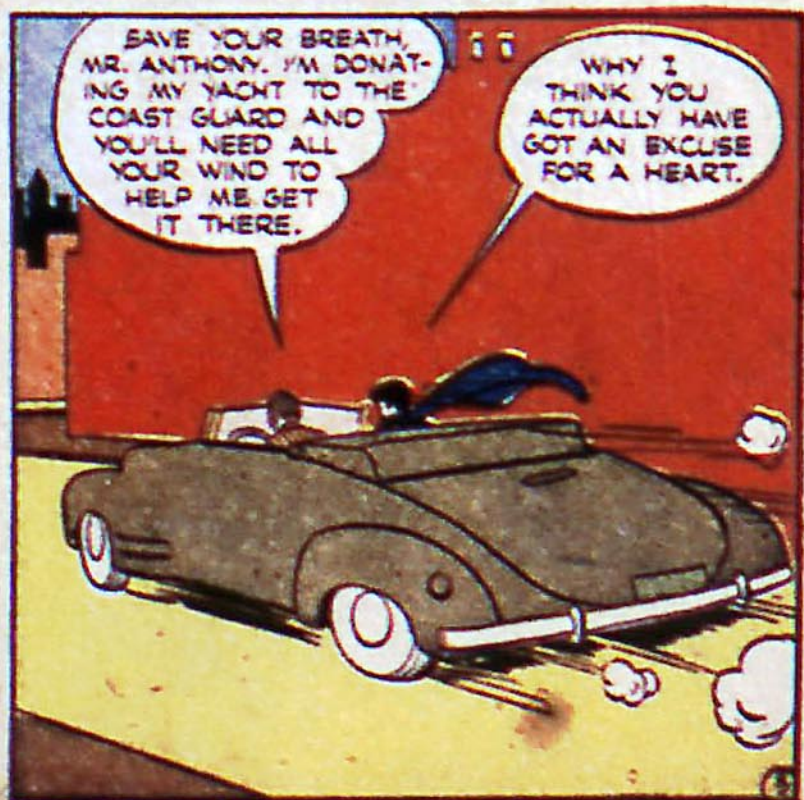
WHAT!! ME TAKE ORDERS FROM THAT KID?

QUIET, YOU YOUNG FOOL! IT'S EITHER THAT OR REFORM SCHOOL!



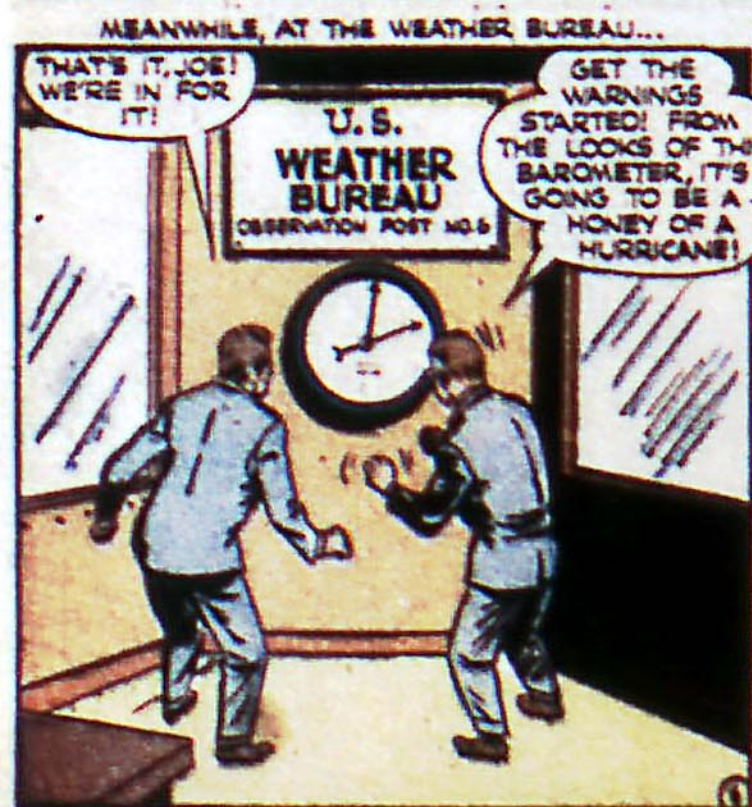
COME AHEAD, LITTLE LORD FAULTLEROY! MAKE SURE JUNIOR DOESN'T GET INTO TROUBLE!

I KNEW A FELLOW LIKE YOU ONCE BEFORE. HE THOUGHT BEING A NAZI WAS BEING MANLY. HE LEARNED HIS LESSON.



SAVE YOUR BREATH, MR. ANTHONY. I'M DONATING MY YACHT TO THE COAST GUARD AND YOU'LL NEED ALL YOUR WIND TO HELP ME GET IT THERE.

WHY I THINK YOU ACTUALLY HAVE GOT AN EXCUSE FOR A HEART.





AND TO THINK I COULD HAVE DUCKED THIS WHOLE MESS IF YOU HADN'T BEEN A WITNESS!

YOU'RE NOT AS TOUGH AS ALL THAT, ROYCE! YOU PROBABLY WOULD'VE GIVEN YOURSELF UP ANYWAY!



FAT CHANCE! OH, WELL, NEXT MONTH I'LL BE EIGHTEEN, AN' I CAN GET IN THE SERVICE, AND AWAY FROM YOU WISH I COULD DECIDE WHICH BRANCH TO TAKE!

IT DOESN'T MAKE MUCH DIFFERENCE. SAY, IT LOOKS PRETTY NASTY OUT THERE! A STORM MUST BE...



YOU'RE NOT KIDDING! LET'S GET THESE SAILS DOWN.

CROUCH DOWN, SQUEEKS!



STORM, MY NECK! THIS IS A REAL BLOW! SALLY LOU CAN TAKE IT, THOUGH!

I HOPE YOU'RE RIGHT! LET'S HEAD FOR SHORE FAST!



IT'S A HURRICANE!



NOT A THING WE CAN DO! NO CHANCE TO MAKE LAND! OH, MOTHER, THIS IS IT!

C'MON, SALLY LOU, RIDE WITH IT!



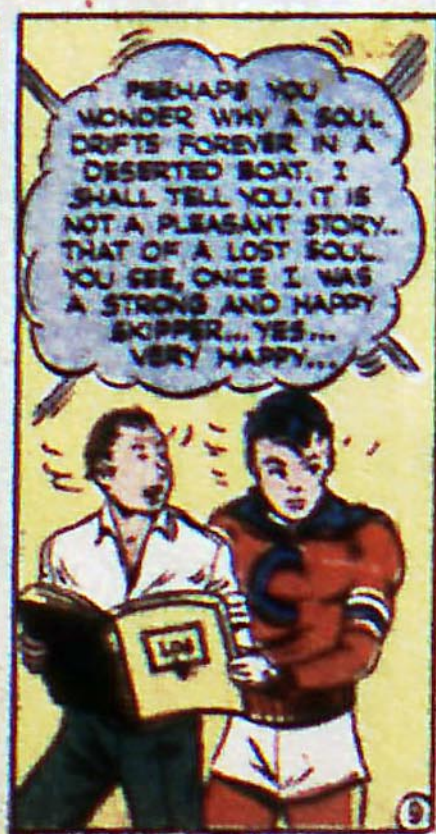
SQUEEKS!



KEEP YOUR PLAY SUIT ON, CRIMEBUSTER! I TIED A ROPE AROUND THE LITTLE GUY!

GRIMM, YOU BUM! I COULD HUG YOU!





"I HAD A GOOD BUSINESS AND EVEN THE SLIMY JAPS DIDN'T BOTHER ME THEN!"

STOP YOUR BLUBBERING, YOU LITTLE THIEF. 2,000 YEN IS ALL YOUR STUFF IS WORTH AND YOU KNOW IT!

AMERICAN HARD BUSINESS PERSON, BUT KITO MAKE SACRIFICE!

"PLYING MY VESSEL THROUGH THE WATERS TOWARD THE ISLANDS, I WAS CONTENTED—EVEN THOUGH MY WIFE WAS MANY MILES AWAY."

I AM THE MONARCH OF THE SEA. THE RULER OF THE QUEENS. ♪ NAVEE!

"HOW LITTLE I REALIZED WHAT MY FUTURE WAS TO BE THAT DARK NIGHT IN THE LAST WEEK OF NOVEMBER, 1941!"

ALL RIGHT, LADS! GO ASHORE, AND BE CAREFUL OF THOSE GEISHA GIRLS! I'M RESTING ABOARD TONIGHT!

OKAY, CAP! YOU NEVER WERE A ONE FOR THE BRIGHT LIGHTS!



"I HAD TO LAUGH AT THAT CRACK. THAT VERY NIGHT I GAZED AT THE SKY AND FELT HOMESICK FOR GOOD OLD U.S.A.—AND MY WIFE, DIT."



"I LITTLE KNEW HOW SOON I WOULD BE GOING THERE—OR RATHER, STARTING TO GO."



I HAVE (HIC) JOKE WHEN WE GET TO AMERICA. I HAF GOOD TIMES IN BROOKLYN.

GOOD OPINION. PLENTY SOON WE OWN WHOLE CITY OF TIMES SQUARE!

WE CELEBRATE TONIGHT. NEXT WEEK WE BE BUSY WITH PEARL HARBOR!

SUCH HONORABLE JACK-ASSES AMERICANS. NOT EVEN KNOW WE ENEMY UNTIL BOOM, TOO LATE.

SHHHH! MUST KEEP TONGUES TIGHT. TALK BAD FOR SECRETS.

IS RIGHT! IS RIGHT. BUT LONESOME SPOT HERE. AND TOO LATE NOW FOR PLANS TO SPOIL. JUST SAME, WE KEEP MOUTHS CLOSED.





GREAT GUNS! THE MEN!
I HOPE I CAN FIND THEM!



DON'T ASK QUESTIONS.
LEAVE YOUR DRINKS!
IT'S LIFE OR DEATH!

AW, CAP,
WE'RE JUST
GETTING
STARTED!



HURRY!
HURRY! TAKE
MY WORD
FOR IT!

WHAT'S HAPPENED,
GOT A FIGHT ON
YOUR HANDS?

WHO'S
STARTING
TROUBLE, CAP?
WE'LL FIX
'EM!

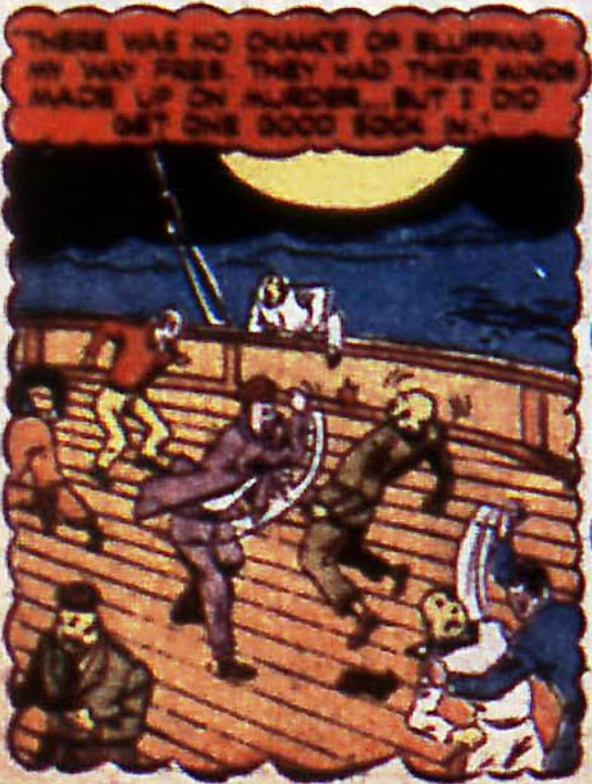
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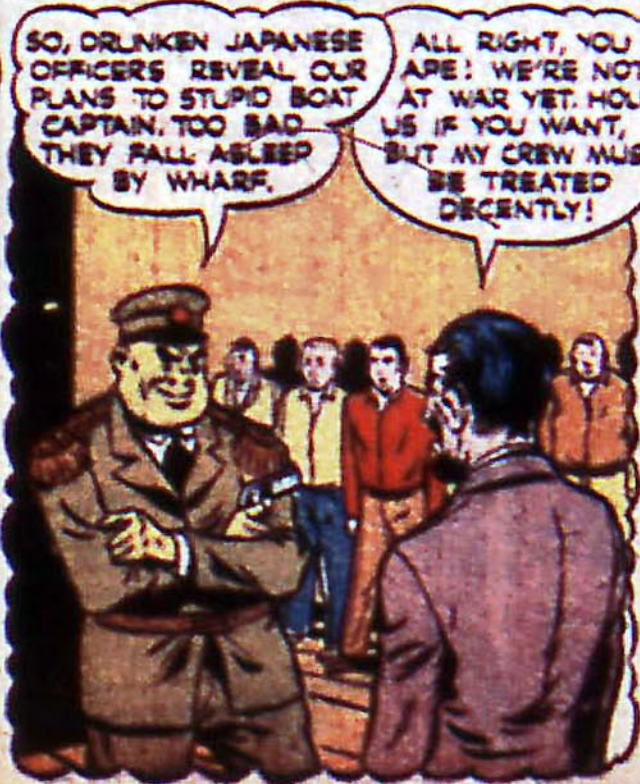
STRANGE
BUSINESS FOR
SHIP CAPTAIN...
FOLLOW.



I NEARLY BLEW MY ENGINES
GETTING OUT OF THAT HARBOR...
BUT SOMETHING HAD HAPPENED.
A JAP FT BOAT STARTED AFTER US.



THERE WAS NO CHANCE OF BLUFFING
MY WAY FREE. THEY HAD THEIR HANDS
MADE UP ON MURDER... BUT I DID
GET ONE GOOD LOOK IN!



SO, DRUNKEN JAPANESE
OFFICERS REVEAL OUR
PLANS TO STUPE BOAT
CAPTAIN. TOO BAD
THEY FALL ASLEEP
BY WHARF.

ALL RIGHT, YOU
ARE! WE'RE NOT
AT WAR YET. HOLD
US IF YOU WANT,
BUT MY CREW MUST
BE TREATED
DECENTLY!



SO! CAPTURED ONE
MAKES DEMANDS OF
JAPANESE NAVY!
VERY WELL,
LIQUIDATE
THEM!!

MY MIND BLURS AT THIS POINT. THE SLAUGHTER WAS HORRIBLE. IT WAS A DANCE THEY ENJOYED! WE WERE UNARMED—HELPLESS AGAINST THEIR BAYONETS.



"WHEN THEY WERE FINALLY THROUGH, THE JAP OFFICER HAD HIS OWN LITTLE JOKE!"

SPECIAL PRIVILEGE FOR YOU, CAPTAIN HARTMAN! YOU ALONE IN BOAT FOR TEN, MAYBE FIFTEEN MINUTES! THEN, ROOF! HAPPY RIDE TO ANCESTORS!

GET OUT, YOU PIG!



THEY LEFT ME THERE. I PRAYED THAT SOME MIRACLE WOULD HELP ME WARN THE U.S. AND THERE WAS MY CHANCE—BEFORE MY EYES!



"WHAT WAS IN THAT BOTTLE! MAYBE GASOLINE. IF I CAN REACH IT—YES, BUT SUPPOSE IT DOESN'T BREAK, THEN ALL IS LOST. BUT IT DID, AND IT DID PUT OUT THE FUSE."



"I STRUGGLED TO A WINDOW! THEY WERE COMING BACK TO SEE WHY THE SHIP HADN'T BLOWN UP!"



COUGH! COUGH! N...NOW, GO... LEAVE!





WHAT IF IT IS A HOLLOW MAST—HOW COULD HE GET IN THERE?

I GIVE UP!



?

THEY ARE MINE! ALL MINE! NO ONE CAN SHARE THEM WITH ME! NO ONE!



SHARE WHO? WHAT WITH YOU? SO THERE YOU ARE! WE WANT TO HEAR THE REST OF IT!

CURSES! YOU FOUND ME ALL RIGHT! I'LL TELL YOU THE REST! JAPS! LOTS OF JAPS IN MY HOLD!

BY THE TIME THE SWINE CAME BACK, I HAD FREED MYSELF! THEY ENTERED MY QUARTERS IN A BODY, BUT I WASN'T THERE! I WAS BEHIND THEM IN THE DOORWAY WITH A GUN!



THEY SURRENDERED! I MARCHED THEM INTO THIS HOLD AND HERE THEY'VE BEEN EVER SINCE, SEE?



THE GUY'S NUTS, CRIMEBUSTER! I DIDN'T SEE ANY JAPS!

YOU DIDN'T EVEN LOOK! YOU DON'T BELIEVE ME? JUST AS WELL! NOW YOU CAN GO!

SHH... HE'S ON THE VERGE OF COLLAPSE!



GO! DO YOU HEAR!! I WAS DOING VERY WELL UNTIL YOU CAME! I'M CAPTAIN OF THIS SHIP! AND I ORDER YOU TO GO, OR I'LL THROW YOU IN IRONS!

O.K., O.K! I BELIEVE YOU, BUT HOW DID YOU KEEP YOURSELF, AND THOSE ER...AH...JAPS ALIVE?



I FED 'EM A LITTLE OF THIS AND A LITTLE OF THAT! SEAGULLS, FISH—OLD SMELLY FISH TO MAKE 'EM SUFFER!

CALM YOURSELF, OLD TIMER! IF WE ALL PULL TOGETHER, WE'LL GET OUT OF THIS SOMEHOW!



HOW ABOUT LETTING US RUN THINGS FOR A WHILE, YOU'RE ABOUT DUE FOR SOME REAL REST!

REST! HA! I'LL NEVER REST UNTIL I GET TO AMERICA AND WARN THEM OF JAPAN'S INTENTION OF ATTACKING PEARL HARBOR!



THEY DID ATTACK PEARL HARBOR OVER THREE YEARS AGO, BUT I THINK THERE'S TRUTH IN WHAT YOU SAY!

THANK YOU! NOW I MUST FEED MY PRECIOUS CARGO!



HIS PRECIOUS CARGO! I'M GOING TO TAKE A GOOD LOOK THIS TIME!

SQUEEK SQUEEK



GREAT SUFFERING CHESTNUTS!



HE'S GOT THEM THERE, SQUEEKS! A PILE OF SMELLING CRAWLING, LIVE JAPS!

DID YOU SEE THEM? I CAN TELL BY YOUR EXPRESSION THAT YOU DID!



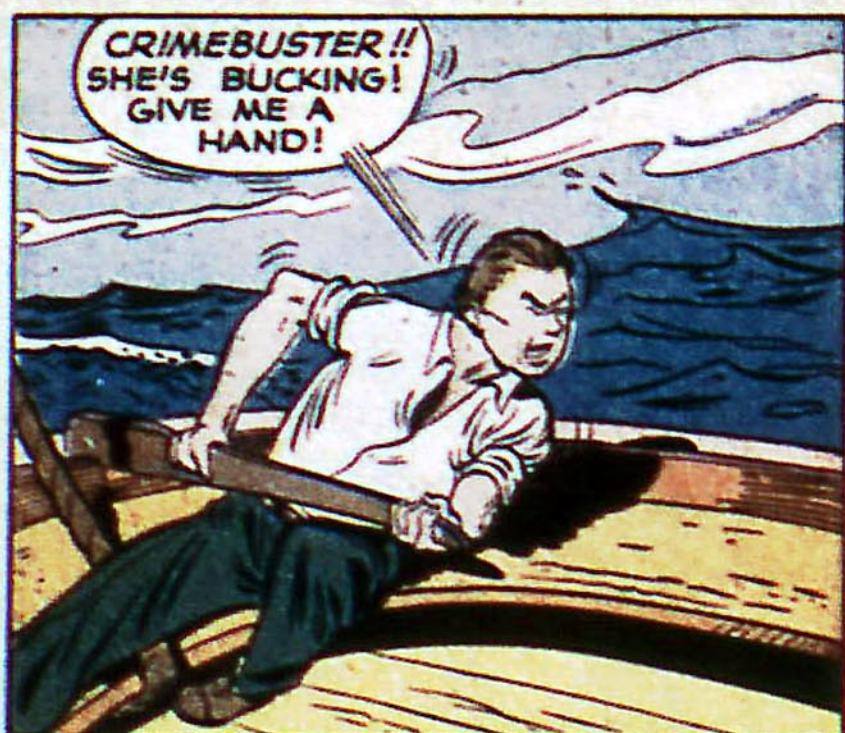
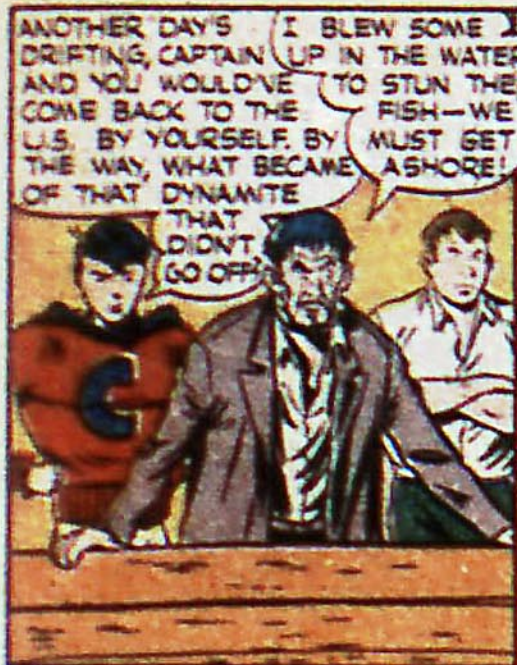
I CERTAINLY DID! CAPTAIN, YOU'VE GOT A BOATLOAD OF PRISONERS OF WAR! THEY'VE GOT TO BE FED AND TURNED OVER TO THE PROPER AUTHORITIES! ROYCE, HELP ME GET SOME FOOD FROM YOUR BOAT!



CAPTAIN, DON'T TRY TO WALK! WAIT UNTIL WE GET SOME FOOD INTO YOU!

I...I JUST HAD TO GET SOMETHING IN THE CABIN!

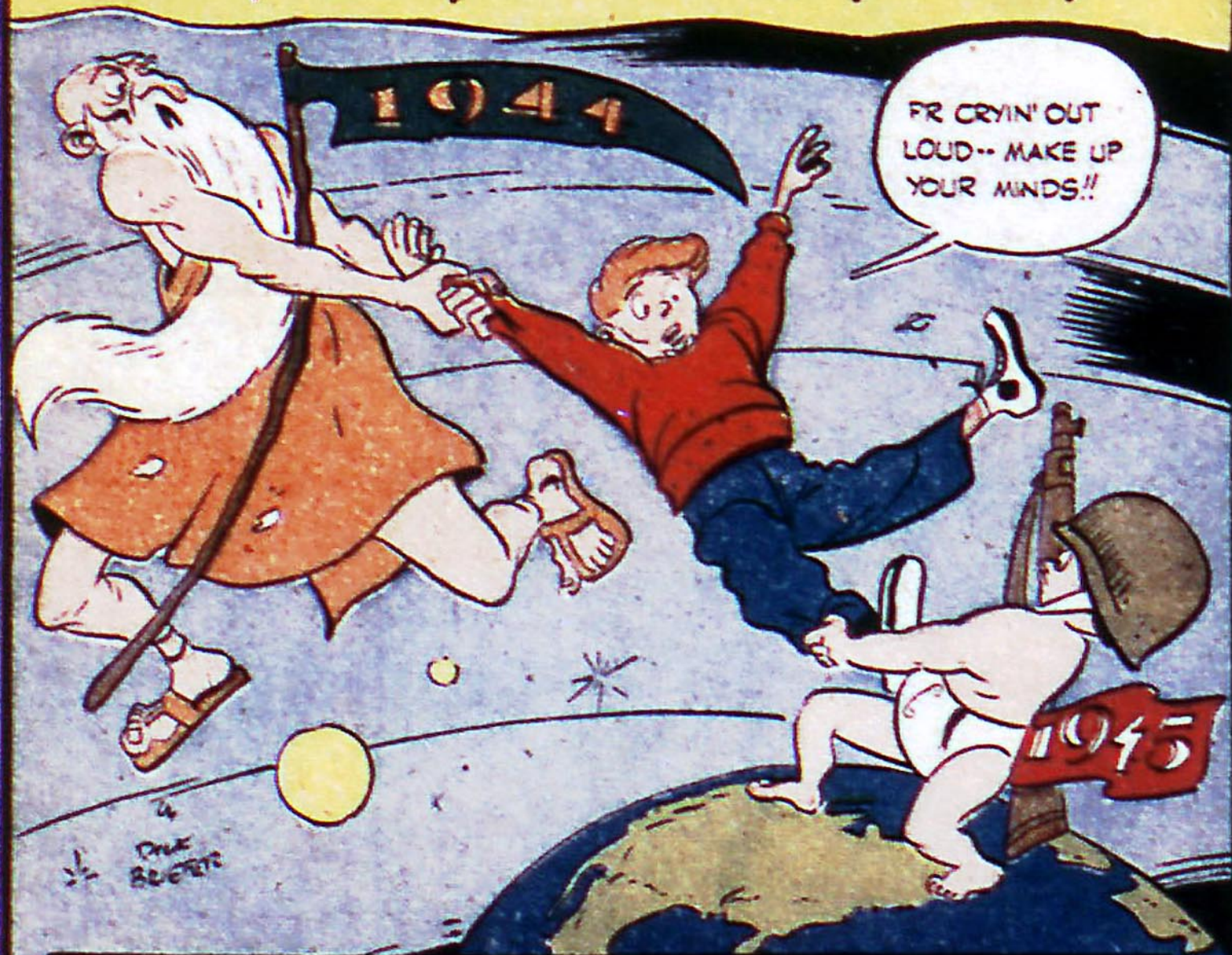
WOW! CRIME-BUSTER, WE'RE APPROACHING SOME SORT OF SHORE LINE!



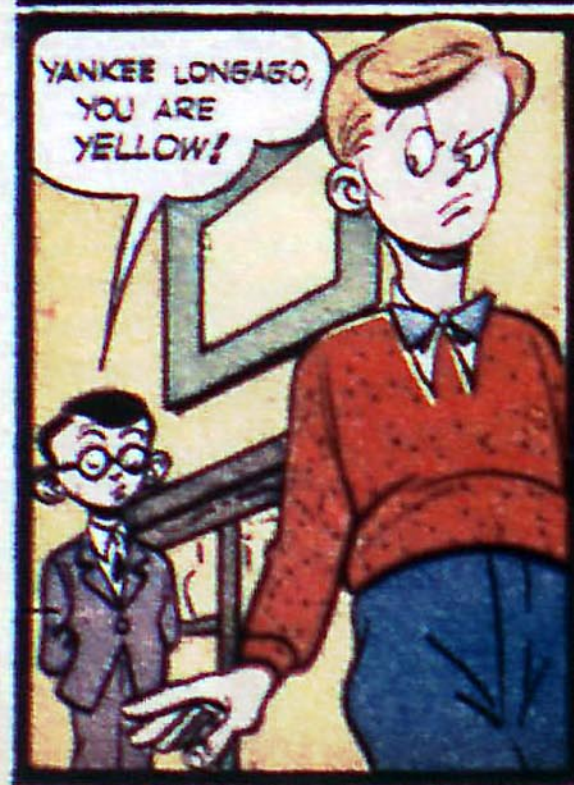


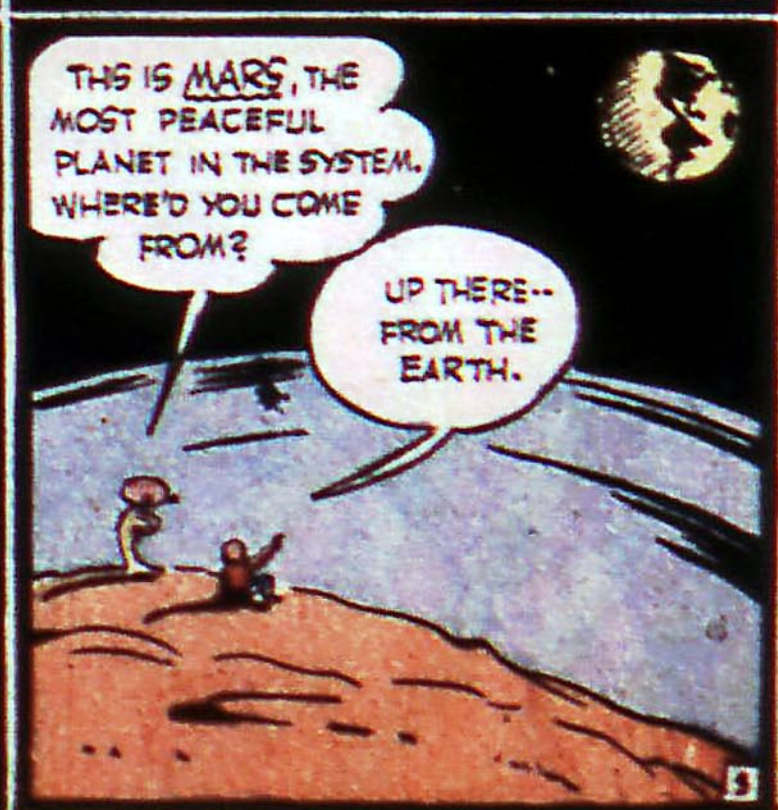
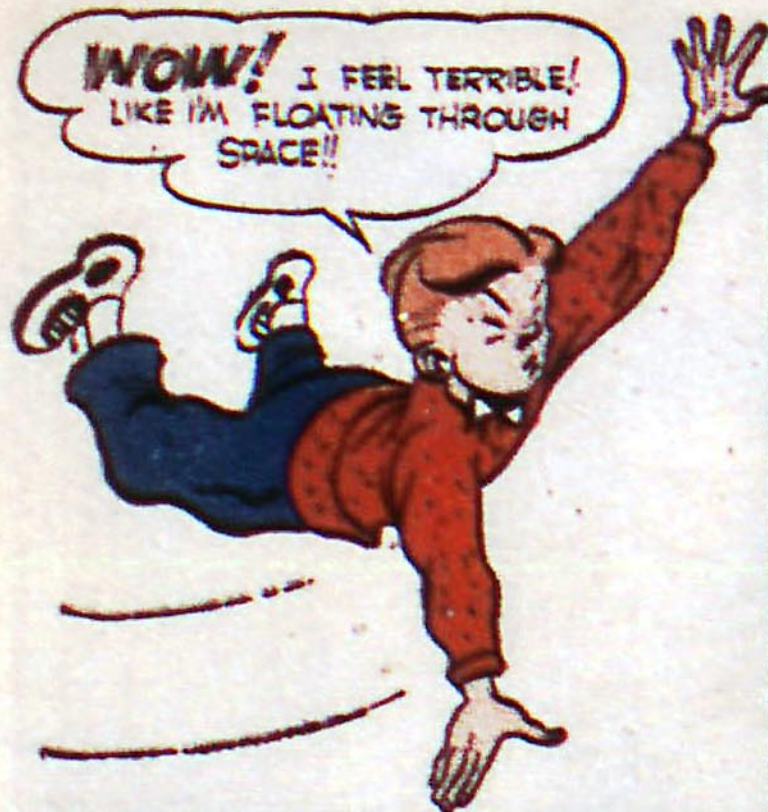
YANKEE LONGAGO

The Boy of To-day in the Land of Yesterday.

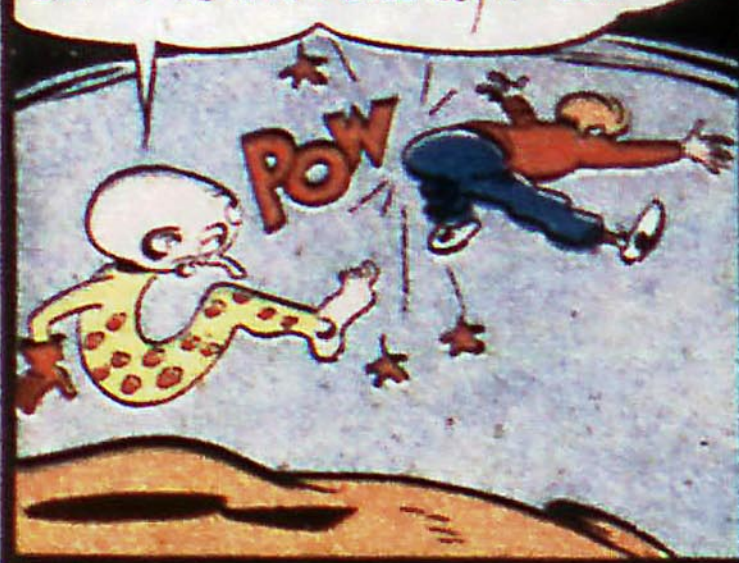


1945 IS A COUPLE OF MONTHS OLD BY NOW, BUT THIS IS WHAT HAPPENED TO YANKEE LONGAGO JUST AS THE OLD YEAR WENT OUT AND THE NEW YEAR CAME IN.





THE EARTH!? THAT BLANKETY-BLANK PLANET THAT'S FOREVER CARRYING ON WARS? GIT OUTTA HERE! WE DONT WANT ANY REPRESENTATIVES OF THE EARTH! WE'RE A PEACE LOVIN' FOLK!



HERE I GO AGAIN!



BONG



HOWDY, SON! HOW COME YOU'RE HERE?



THIS IS THE PLANET OF PAST AND FUTURE TIME. ALL THE OLD YEARS SINCE THE BEGINNING OF TIME, AND ALL THE NEW YEARS TO COME ARE HERE ON THIS WORLD.



I'M AN OLD YEAR, BUT I DON'T KNOW WHICH I AM. NONE OF THE OLD YEARS UP HERE REMEMBERS WHICH HE IS. SAME WITH THE NEW ONES. FR INSTANCE, I MIGHT BE 1832 OR I MIGHT BE 4000 B.C.





HOWDY.

HOWDY.

HOWDY.

HOWDY.



WHO ARE THEY?

THEY'RE JUST A BUNCH OF OLD YEARS. Y'KNOW, IF YOU FIND 1944, HE MIGHT BE ABLE TO HELP YOU GET BACK TO EARTH.

GOOD. I'LL LOOK 'UM UP.



EXCUSE ME. WHICH ONE OF YOU IS 1944?

WE DON'T KNOW.

SEARCH ME.

WHO CARES?

HUH?



I'LL START WITH YOU. SUPPOSE YOU TELL ME SOME EVENTS THAT TOOK PLACE WHEN YOU WERE ON EARTH.

SON, ALL I CAN REMEMBER IS THAT THERE WAS A DISASTROUS WAR.



YOU MUST BE 1944?

YEP--A DISASTROUS WAR. MEN KILLED EACH OTHER WITH ALL KINDS OF WEAPONS. HERE, HAVE A LOOK AT THIS PICTURE OF THAT WAR.



WHY--THAT'S THE STONE AGE! IT'S NOT 1944!

I GOTTA TRY
ANOTHER OLD
YEAR.



WILL YOU TELL ME
WHAT HAPPENED
WHEN YOU WERE
ON EARTH?



HEAVENS
TO BETSY--
DON'T
REMIND
ME!



ALL I KNOW OF THE
YEAR I SPENT ON EARTH
WAS-- WAS -- A MOST
TERRIBLE, MOST AWFUL
WAR!

YIPPEE!
YOU'RE
1944!!



HERE'S A PICTURE
OF THAT WAR!



IT'S NOT 1944--
THAT'S ANCIENT
WARFARE

WHEN I WAS ON EARTH,
THIS IS A PICTURE OF
THE WAR I
SAW.



THAT'S
NAPOLEON'S
WAR!

HERE'S
MY
WAR.

SPANISH-
AMERICAN!



STRANGE, WHEN
I WAS THERE,
THERE WAS
A WAR TOO--
MEXICAN.

SAME HERE--
FRENCH AND
INDIAN.

ME TOO--
SINO-
JAPANESE.



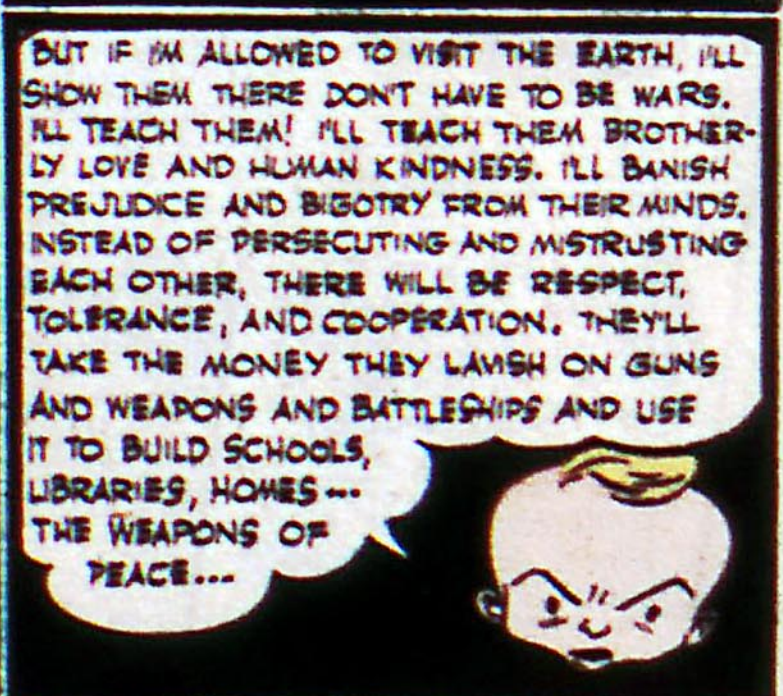
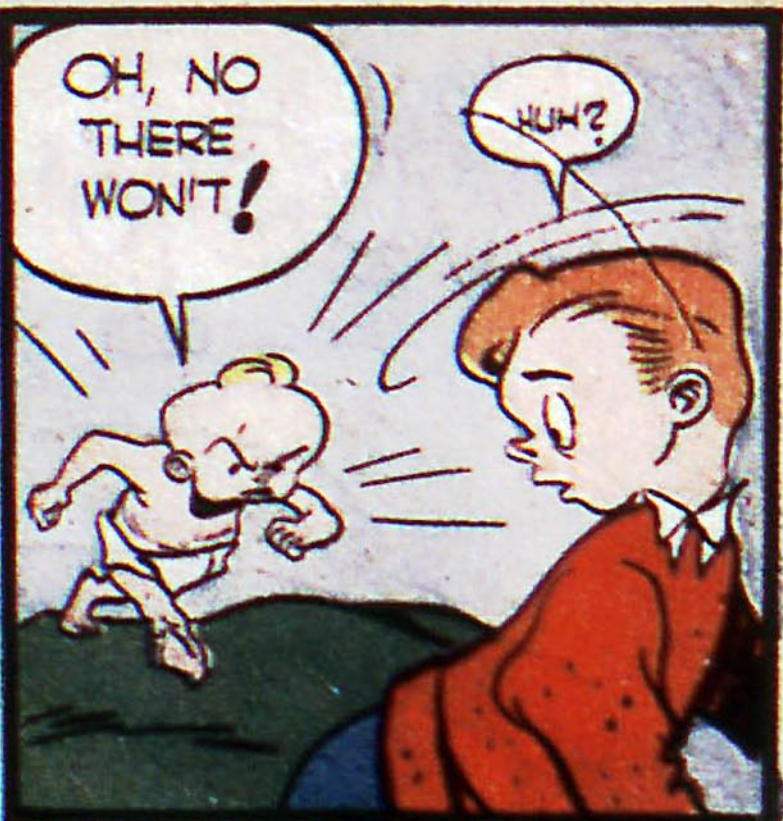
WAR!

WAR!

WAR!

WAR!





Swoop Storm

and his
**"BABY BUGGY
PLANE"**

MAMA!

I WANT ONE
OF THOSE!

AND THAT'S NOT SO
FANTASTIC A REQUEST AS
YOUR MOTHER THINKS--
SONNY! SWOOP CALLS IT
HIS **"BABY BUGGY"**
SAYS IT FLIES AT A
SLOW RATE OF SPEED,
SURROUNDED BY A
SMALL NET AND RUBBER
GUARDS, MAGNETIC
REPELLING RAYS
MAKE IT ACCIDENT
PROOF. WHY EVEN A
CHILD COULD FLY IT !!!

AS OUR STORY
OPENS, SWOOP
AND WINKIE
ARE WAITING TO
SEE H.J. CAISER
(PRODUCTION GENIUS)
WHO IS CONSID-
ERING HIS NEW
PLANE!

MR CAISER
WILL SEE YOU,
SWOOP

PRIVATE

SWOOP! COME
IN, COME IN. GREAT
SHIP YOU'VE GOT...
GREAT SHIP!

THEN
YOU DO
THINK IT HAS
POST WAR
POSSIBILITIES!

POSSIBILITIES? WHY BY THUNDER, SWOOP, A FOOL PROOF SHIP LIKE THAT WILL BE A BOON TO THE COUNTRY ... EVEN A CHILD CAN PILOT IT WITHOUT DANGER.....

GOSH! I'M GLAD YOU AGREE WITH ME... I'LL KEEP ON WITH MY EXPERIMENTING AND SEE IF I CAN IMPROVE ANY PARTS OF IT

YOU DO THAT, SON, AND IN THE MEANTIME I'VE ALREADY GOTTEN A HUNDRED THOUSAND DOLLARS WORTH OF DIES CAST... WE'LL BE READY TO SNAP RIGHT INTO PRODUCTION SOON AS THE WAR ENDS!

HUH... YOU--I MEAN

WHAT HAPPENED? DID HE LIKE IT HUH SWOOP?

YES--
Y-YES... B-BUT OH GOSH WHAT A MESS...

PRIVATE

LEAPING SUNFISH!

HURRY UP... WE'VE GOT TO GET TO WASHINGTON FAST... I HAVEN'T RECEIVED COMPLETE CLEARANCE ON THE COPYRIGHT AND ALREADY CAISER HAS INVESTED MONEY IN DIES!

GOLLY! HE CERTAINLY MOVES FAST

FAST IS NO WORD FOR IT.... NO WONDER HE'S PERFORMED SUCH MIRACLES OF PRODUCTION!

BET HE DOESN'T EVEN SLEEP NIGHTS! I'LL BET...

WELL, SWOOP, YOUR PATENT IS OKAY... THERE HAVE BEEN NO PATENTS APPLIED FOR ANY OTHER BABY BUGGY!

SWELL!

HOWEVER, A PROFESSOR NAMED HAPPYWELL HAS PRESENTED BLUE-PRINTS SIMILAR TO YOUR REAR PROPULSION ENGINE... YOU'LL HAVE TO FIND ANOTHER SOURCE OF POWER FOR THAT PART OF YOUR INVENTION!

Yip! THAT'S ONE OF THE MOST IMPORTANT PARTS OF THE MACHINE... THE ONE CAISER CAST THE DIES FOR...

PROFESSOR
HAPPYWELL...HE LIVES
IN GRAINVILLE...GOSH I
WONDER IF HE WILL SELL
ME THE RIGHTS TO THE
PATENT.. AFTER ALL,WE
BOTH INVENTED IT AT
ONCE WE CAN
FLY THE BABY
BUGGY
OVER!

WHY NOT,
SWOOP....HE
HAS NOTHING
TO LOSE...

WHO'S THERE?
WHAT DO YOU WANT--
GO AWAY!

GULP! I-IT'S
SWOOP STORM,
PROFESSOR!

SWOOP STORM, EH..
..WELL....COME IN...

THANK
YOU!

I WANTED TO
TALK TO YOU ABOUT
YOUR REAR PROPULSION
ENGINE AT THE PATENT
OFFICE....I'D LIKE TO
BUY IT...YOU SEE-I'VE
MADE ONE JUST
LIKE IT AND...

WANT TO
BUY IT, EH....
FINE...
I'LL SELL...

....FOR
ONE MILLION
DOLLARS!

WELL-I GUESS
THAT DOES IT...
BETTER CALL CAISER
AND TELL HIM....CAN
I USE YOUR PHONE?

ALRIGHT..
BUT PAY FOR
YOUR CALL!

BUT PROFESSOR,
THIS MACHINE IS FOR
THE BENEFIT OF THE WHOLE
COUNTRY...YOUR ENGINE IS
WORTHLESS WITHOUT MY
BABY BUGGY...IT'S GOING TO
BE SOLD AT A LITTLE OVER COST
...I WON'T MAKE MUCH..

...TOO BAD-
I NEED MONEY
TO COMPLETE MY
EXPERIMENTS....ON
MY ATOM CRACKING
MACHINE..

HE'S OUT...
WELL PLEASE
HAVE HIM CALL
ME AT THIS
NUMBER....
IT'S VERY
URGENT,
MISS!

ALRIGHT,
MR. STORM!



CAN YOU IMAGINE
A TIGHTWAD LIKE
THAT....HE KNOWS
YOU NEVER CAPITALIZE
ON YOUR INVENT-
IONS.....

OH WELL....
HE'S WORKING ON
SOMETHING HIMSELF
.....MAYBE HE'S
JUST PECULIAR!



BOOM



**HELP
HELP!**
MY MACHINE!
...IT'S BURN-
ING UP!

**HOLY
HANNA!**

QUICK! HELP
ME GET THESE
EXTINGUISHERS
...THEY'LL PUT IT
OUT.....



IT'S TOO
HIGH....THEY
WON'T REACH...
MY PRECIOUS
DISCOVERY!



THERE'S ONLY
ONE WAY TO SAVE
YOUR LAB.. WITH MY
BABY BUGGY. IF I DO IT
WILL YOU LET ME USE
YOUR ENGINE? YOU CAN
HAVE FIFTY PER CENT
OF THE LITTLE
MONEY I MAKE!

ANYTHING!
...ANYTHING!
SAVE MY MACHINE!
.. OH DEAR OH
DEAR

MAKE WITH
THE LEGS,
WINKIE!

PUFF--
---PUFF
RIGHT WITH
YA, SWOOP!

THERE'S A MASK
UNDER THE SEAT...
PUT IT ON...ROLL
THE TOP BACK!

YOU BET!
GEE, THE PROF
IS REALLY ON
THE SPOT!





I'VE GOT THE MASK, SWOOP...THE SMOKE CAN'T HURT ME.....JUST HAND THEM OVER!

WE'RE GETTING IT UNDER CONTROL... NOW LETS TRY THE OTHER SIDE!

OKAY!

BE CAREFUL... THAT'S NOT A SMOKE MASK!



I'LL HAVE TO ASK THE PROFESSOR WHAT THIS STUFF IS.... IT WORKS WONDERS....LOOK!THE FIRE'S OUT ALREADY!



GOSH! THAT WAS SIMPLE WITH THE BABY BUGGY....AND WHAT A BREAK FOR US--
WINKIE!



WINKIE! SAY SOMETHING.. BREATH IN THE AIR...

YOU PUT IT OUT...BUT OH GOODNESS...ALL THE DAMAGE...

GLUB--
--AWP--
GOLLY--



NOW--NOW PROFESSOR... I'VE GOT SOME GOOD NEWS FOR YOU... COME OVER AND I'LL SHOW YOU!

NOW IT WILL TAKE ME YEARS TO FINISH IT.....OH GOODNESS.. AND I'VE WORKED SO HARD, SOB, SOB!



WHAT YOU NEED IS AN ASSISTANT...YOU SEE--THAT CONDENSING COIL WASNT MADE OF THE PROPER MATERIAL...I'LL COME UP TWO DAYS EVERY WEEK.... WE'LL REPAIR IT IN NO TIME...

YOU WILL! WONDERFUL!



HOW DO YA LIKE THAT....ME HALF DEAD AND THOSE TWO TALKING ABOUT AN ATOM MACHINE... I GUESS ALL GENIUSES ARE NUTS....

THE END

DAREDEVIL VS DAREDEVIL

By DICK WOOD

TIGER ROLF, eased his big body up the shaky staircase and knocked on his manager's door. The Tiger was an old time pug in the fight game and twelve years of battering in the ring had run his features together in a most unpleasant manner. He still managed, however, to drag a reasonable living out of the game with the shrewd assistance of Tony Robinson, his squat evil grinning little manager.

"Come in," Robinson's voice bit through the door.

"Hi-ya Tony," Tiger greeted him inside. "What's cooking? Why the rush call?"

Tony put down a newspaper he was holding.

"I've got an idea, big boy," he said. "An idea that's gonna pay you and me off ten times more than the pin money we have been picking up with your two-bit fighting." Tony grinned evilly. "You know, of course, a couple more bouts and you're through, Tiger!"

"Shut your trap," Tiger screamed. "Maybe I'm a has-been in the fight game but you have been clipping plenty outa me for years . . . enough to buy that car of yours."

"Sure, sure," Tony soothed. "I was only kidding. Now let's get down to business. I just been reading the papers where *Daredevil* is taking a trip to the Pacific. That means he's gonna be gone sometime and will be outa communication with the States."

"So what!"

"So you and I are gonna become *Daredevil, Inc.* We're going into business pal. Big business!"

Sometime later in a small town outside of

Atlanta, Ga., two youths hurried along the sidewalk excitedly.

"Gee," one of them exclaimed, "Just think, *Daredevil* right here in Macon. Boy oh boy, I can hardly wait to see him."

The other youth smacked his hands together in an expression of jubilation. "Wow, America's ace crimecracker right here on our own back door-step. The advertisement read he would stay two days. I hope we get a chance to see him—there'll probably be a mob."

Turning a corner the two youths suddenly stopped short. Before them erected on a football field was a tent with a large picture of *Daredevil* on top. And in front of the tent a tall sign read, SHAKE HANDS WITH THE GREAT DAREDEVIL—RECEIVE A LESSON IN BOXING FOR JUST \$10.00.

"Hey mister," one of the kids asked Tony Robinson in front of the tent. "Does that mean we have to pay ten dollars before we see *Daredevil*?"

"Sure kid," Tony smiled. "*Daredevil*'s doing this for the war effort. All the cash that's collected goes to the Red Cross. Ain't it worth ten bucks to help the war and at the same time have the great opportunity of speaking to *Daredevil* himself?"

Several minutes later the two youths were inside the large tent. They had pooled their money and with a few borrowed dollars managed to make the necessary twenty dollars. "*Daredevil*" was there alright. He stood tall and strong in his red and blue costume at the back of the tent before a small group of admiring boys and men.

"In tight spots when I have to use my wits

as well as my muscles," *Daredevil* was saying. "I always stare my opponent right in the eye. When I do that it kinda scares him for a minute and then . . . WHAM . . . I hit him a crack on the jaw before he knows what it is all about."

The gathering eyed *Daredevil* in silence. For some reason this wasn't just the sort of person they had expected to meet. The two youths also were silent and half an hour later when they left resentment was heavy on their brow. The *Daredevil* of their dreams was gone and they were minus a whole week's pay, twenty dollars. Meanwhile seven thousand miles from Macon, Ga., the real *Daredevil* shook a grinning soldier's hand and smiled.

"Sure I'll get the little Wise Guys to send you a card, soldier. There's nothing they'd like better . . . but you've got to promise you'll send them your autograph. After all it isn't every man that shoots down fifteen Jap planes."

Outside in the corridor *Daredevil* frowned. He was glad that he had decided to stop over at the Coast hospital and visit some of the Pacific casualties but it had made him realize the great job that was still to be done. Blood, blood and more blood was needed for these boys. Though authorities had told him a Pacific trip by himself would do wonders for the fighting man's morale he wondered if he might not accomplish more by campaigning at home. He was still mulling the problem over when a red-faced excited civilian rushed down the hospital aisle toward him.

"*Daredevil*," the man thundered. "What are you doing here?"

Daredevil recognized the gay cocky manner of a newspaper reporter.

"Just visiting veterans, news-hound. Is that so extraordinary?"

"B-but," the reporter stammered. "You're supposed to be in Georgia . . . that is, someone up there is giving exhibitions and claiming he's you. And at ten bucks a crack!" The reporter fairly shouted the last words as *Daredevil's* face darkened.

It was just noon several days later when *Daredevil* walked toward the large canvas tent and the small grinning man who stood in front of it. It was *Daredevil* alright but you would never have recognized him for his face was grease smeared and he wore the smudgy blue overalls of a trainman.

"I want to see *Daredevil*," he said, offering Tony Robinson a ten dollar bill. "I've heard so much about him and now that I've got a day off I want to take him in."

Tony snatched the bill almost too eagerly. "Right inside, brother, you just caught him in time. Tomorrow he leaves for the coast."

"Really," *Daredevil* said, walking in. Then under his breath . . . "I hardly think so!"

Big Tiger Rolf was really going into his act when *Daredevil* entered.

"And when you have them in an arm lock," he was shouting, "don't relax it. Put your knee in their back and jab the kidneys!"

For ten minutes *Daredevil* listened to Tiger wave his arms and shout. Then he stepped forward. "You advertise that you give boxing lessons. I've paid my ten dollars please give me one. I don't think you're so good!"

Tiger smirked. Here was a wise guy that wanted a boxing lesson. He'd give him one, alright. It would be a pleasure beating up the big trainman who asked too many questions.

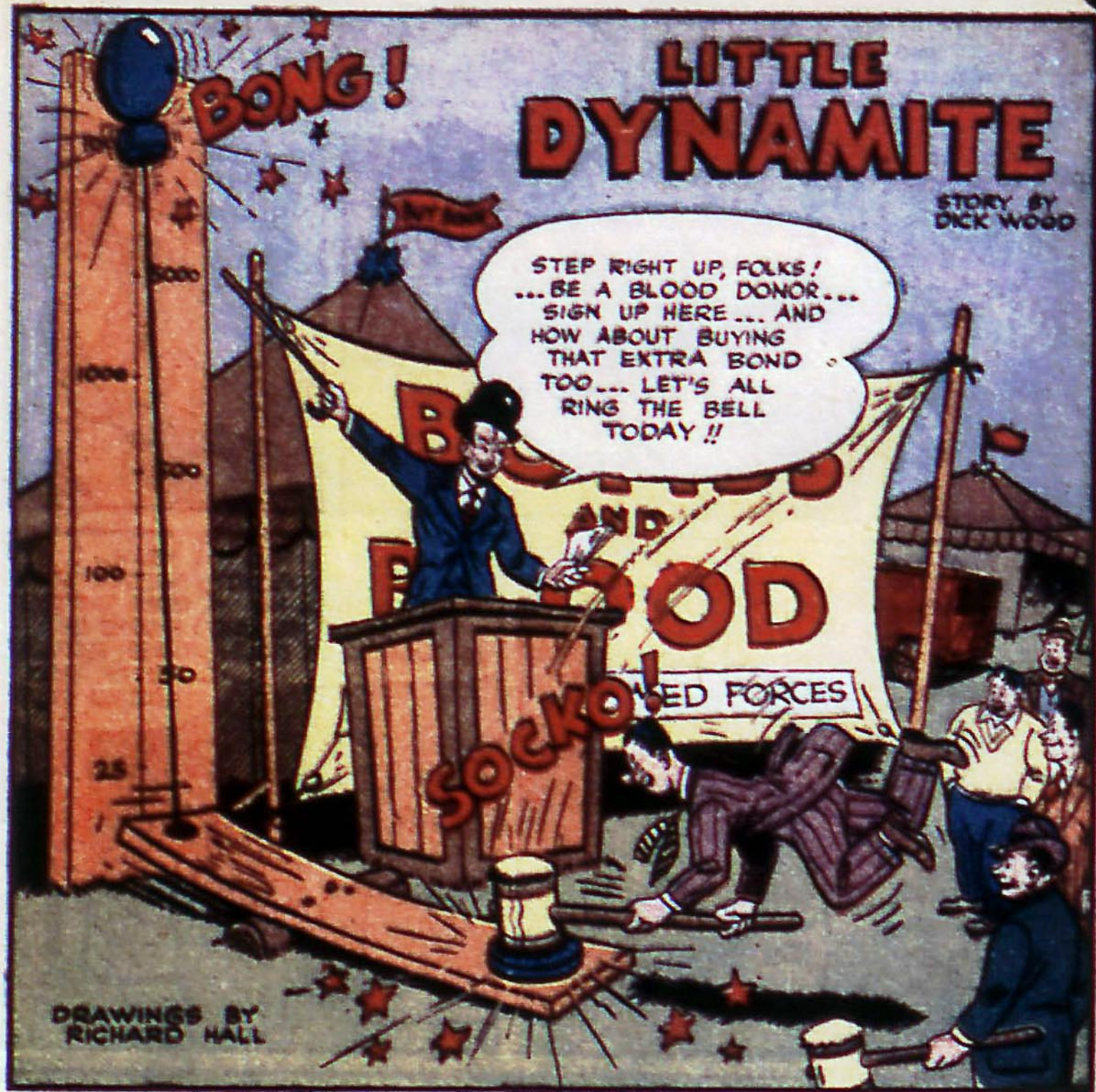
"Sure," he said. "Just step outside buddy."

Out on the grass of the football field the fake *Daredevil* and the real one squared off. The folks of Macon will never forget the battle they witnessed that day. The trainman was wrapped in a blur of flying grease as he chopped rights and lefts like lightning bolts against the big blue and red figure. It was over almost before the crowd could realize a real fight was in progress. Tiger Rolf, the "would-be *Daredevil*," was blasted to the ground, his *Daredevil* uniform torn to ribbons. As the crowd caught a glimpse of his ugly features where the rubberized covering had been torn away they gasped as one. When they looked again the trainman was gone and in his place stood the real *Daredevil* tall and strong.

"You've been taken in," *Daredevil* said. "This man has been impersonating me. The police already have his little friend outside and I want you to know your money will be refunded."

"Gosh," someone exclaimed. "You mean all the money they took in wasn't going to the Red Cross?"

Daredevil smiled. "No it wasn't, but beginning tomorrow I'll be here to give some real boxing lessons. And you can be assured that whatever you decided to donate for them will be handed over to the Red Cross."





FOR PETE'S SAKE,
LOOK AT THAT GANG
OF DAMES... LIKE
MAD WOMEN TRYING
TO SPEND THEIR
DOUGH!!

MUST BE
A HAT SALE,
OR SOMETHING!



OH!... THERE
HE IS...! SEE
HIM!!

LET ME
LOOK!!
—LET
ME LOOK!!



WHAT'S COOKING
HERE... WHAT'S
COOKING??



WELL, WHAT YA KNOW..
IT'S BOB STRONG...THE
MOVIE STAR...H-M-M-M..
NOT A BAD SET OF
SHOULDERS AT THAT!

WHAT'S HE
DOING...HUH..
DYNAMITE?



NOW DERES A MUG
WHO ATTRACTS PLENTY
OF ATTENTION... NO
WORRY ABOUT SELLING
HIS PUSS TO DA GALS!

YEAH, I
WONDER IF HE
DOES THE TRICKS
IN SOME OF
THOSE PICTURES
...PRETTY RED
BLOODED STUFF!



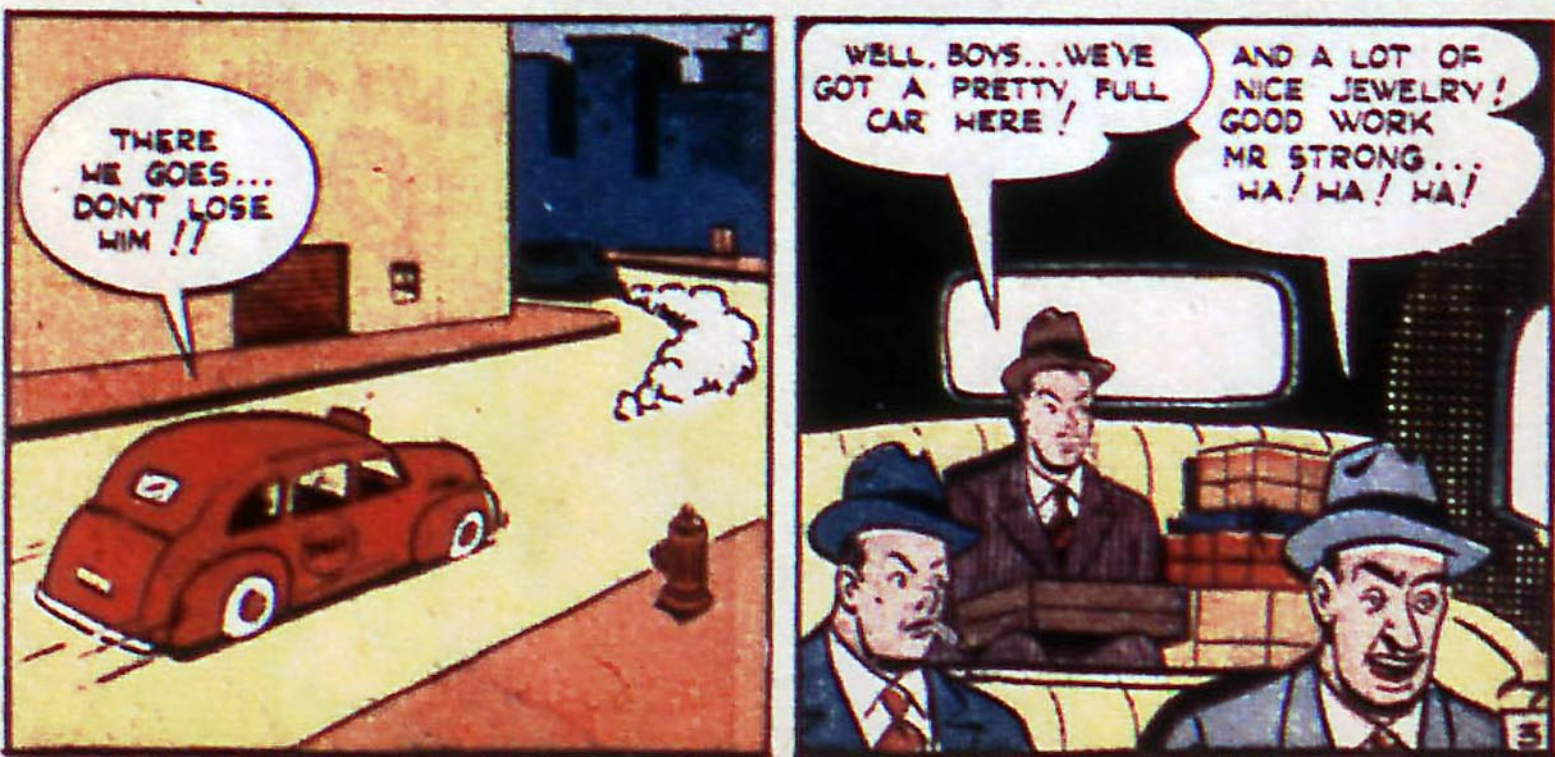
'RED BLOODED'!!
...YOU HIT THE
NAIL ON THE
HEAD!

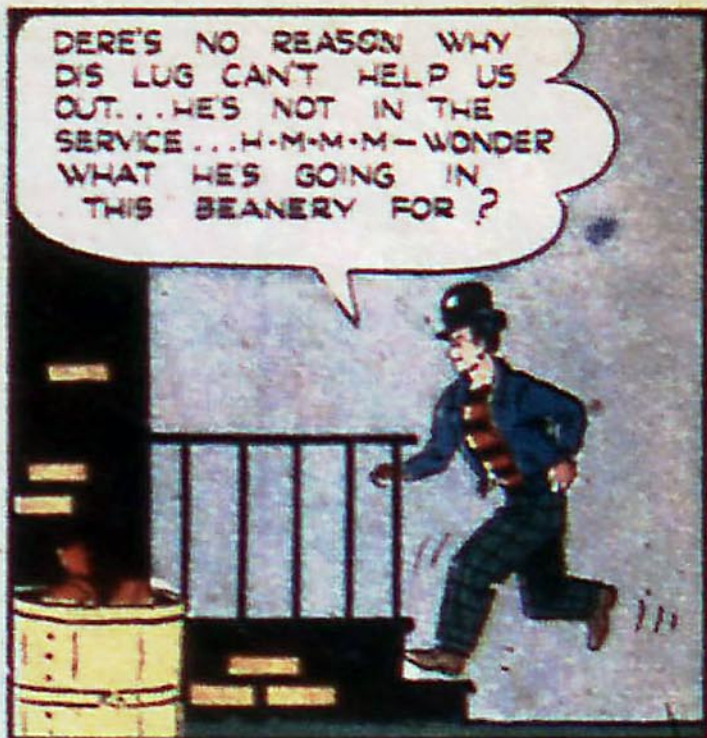
JAMES... TAKE
CARE OF THIS
PACKAGE,
WHILE I CONTINUE
MY SHOPPING.

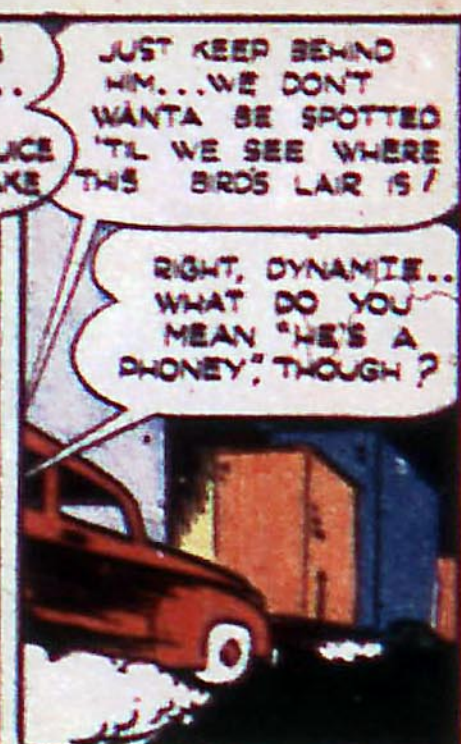
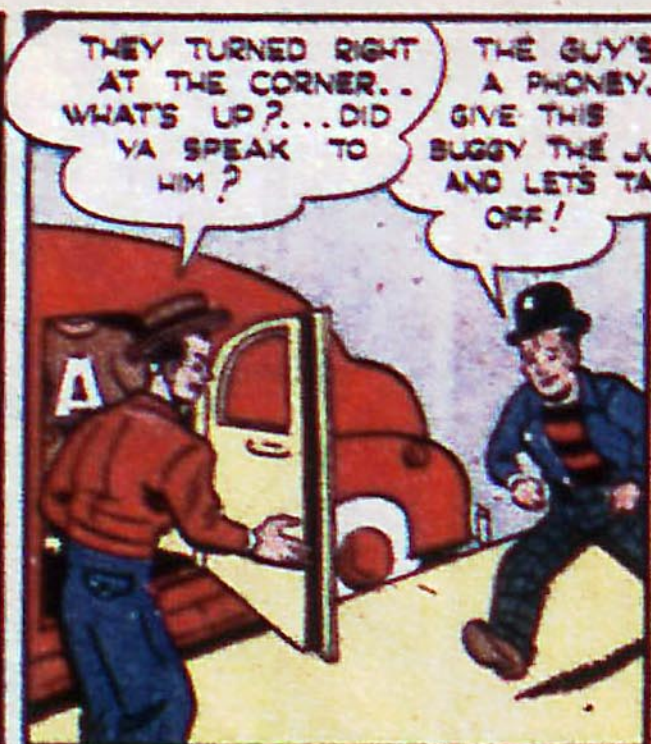


CMON WERE GONNA
HAVE THAT GUY DO OUR
SELLING FOR US... A KISS
TA EVERY GAL WHO BUYS
A BOND, AND GIVES A
PINT OF BLOOD...

HEY!
YOU'RE A
GENIUS...
IT'S
TERRIFIC!

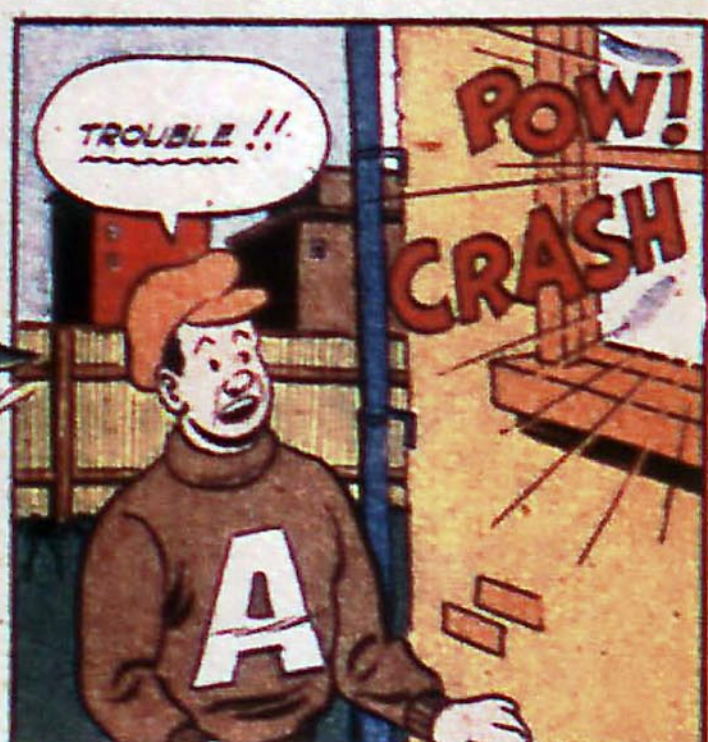
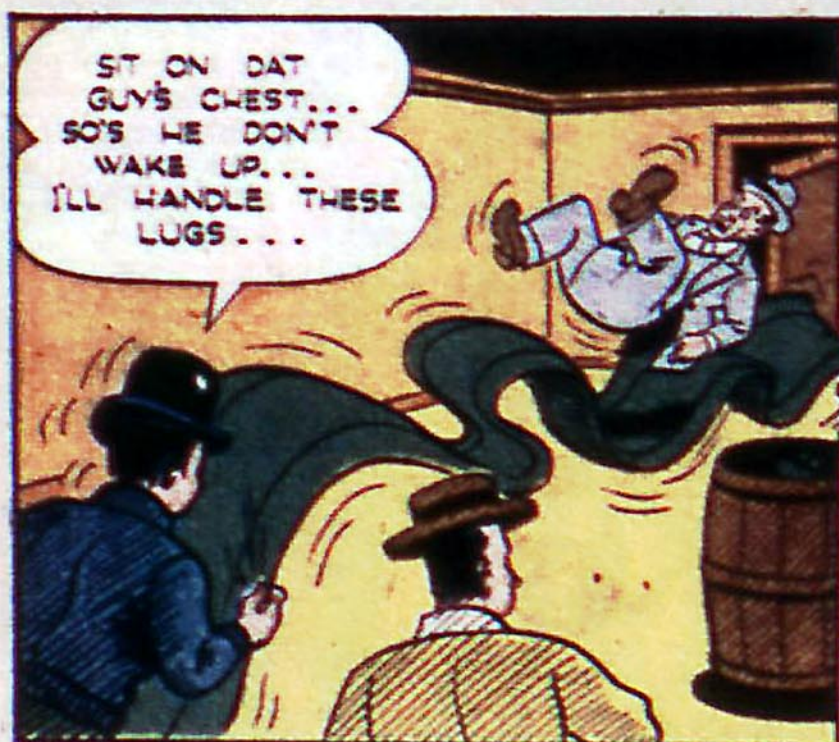








ROSS...WHAT'S ALL THE NOISE?



MEANWHILE...

PAPER!...GET YER
PAPER HERE...
BOB STRONG MOVIE ACTOR
INJURED IN
HOLLYWOOD GUN FIGHT.

BOB STRONG,
WHY HE WAS IN
HERE JUST A FEW
MINUTES AGO, AND
CHARGED...A...
GREAT HEAVENS!!
I'VE BEEN CHEATED!

I'VE BEEN
ROBBED! IT WASN'T
BOB STRONG...A
\$23,000 PHONEY
CHECK!...YEOW!



YE GADS!
SWINDLER...!

...SHOT
IN GUN
BATTLE
TODAY...



HELLO...IS THIS THE
PRESIDENT OF LORD
AND FAILORS?
WELL PERHAPS YOU
ARE INTERESTED IN
GETTING SOME OF
YOUR GOODS BACK,
THE ONES THE PHONEY
BOB STRONG STOLE...



THAT'S FINE, I THOUGHT
YOU'D FEEL THAT WAY..
NOW ALL YOU HAVE
TO DO IS DONATE ONE
PINT OF BLOOD AND
BUY ONE WAR BOND...
AND GET TEN OTHER
PEOPLE TO DO THE
SAME...THEN WE'LL
TURN DA CULPRITS
OVER TO YA



GOSH! EVERY ONE
OF THOSE STORE
OWNERS WAS
HAPPY TO BUY
THE BONDS, AND
GIVE THE
BLOOD...

IT'S JUST LIKE
I SAY, GANG...
THERE'S MORE DEN
ONE WAY TO SKIN
A CAT...
YES SIR!



NOW DONT YOU LUGS
WAIT UNTIL SOMEONE SWIPES
YOUR STUFF BEFORE YOU
BUY MORE BONDS, AND GIVE
MORE BLOOD...DO IT NOW!
-AND BE GLAD YER
ABLE TO!!

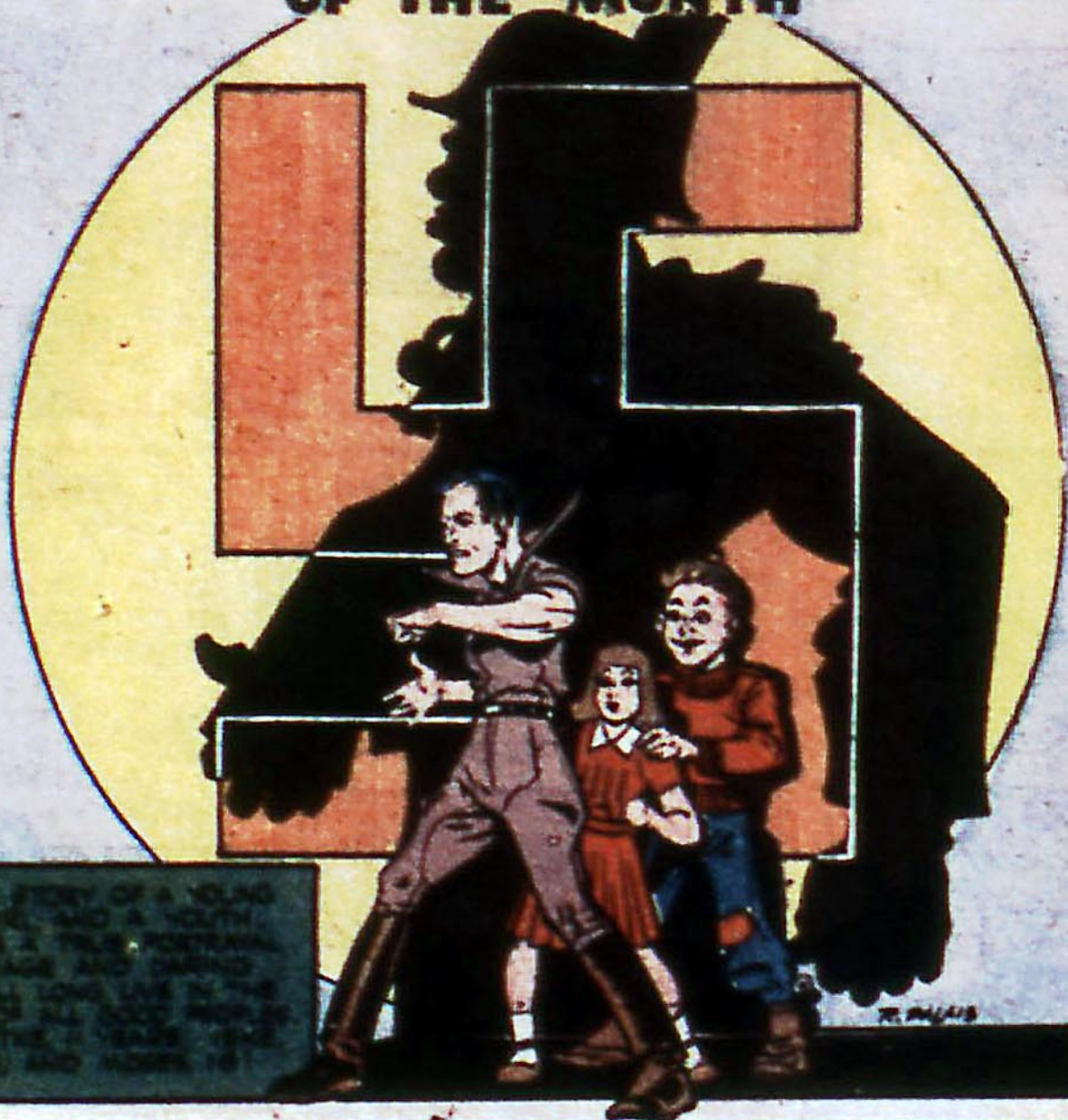


**BOY
COMICS**

HERO

OF THE MONTH

A
TRUE
STORY



THIS IS A STORY OF A YOUNG
BOY, A GIRL, AND A YOUTH
WHO ARE A TRUE PORTRAIT
OF COURAGE AND DARING
THAT WILL LONG LIVE IN THE
HEARTS OF ALL GOOD PEOPLE.
MEET VITKE, 17 YEARS, THE
12 YEARS, AND MORE.

ONE HOT JULY NIGHT, IN 1942 AT THE
VILNIUS GHETTO, POLAND.





I KNOW THAT, ISKE, AND BESIDES, MOSES BRAUSE IS EXPECTING US AT 11:30!



YES, ISKE! IS IT FAR TO THE OLD PAPER MILL WHERE MOSES IS?



I ALMOST GAVE UP HOPE OF YOUR COMING! IF YOU HADN'T COME I WOULD HAVE GONE ON MYSELF! I WAS GOING TO PLANT THE MINE MYSELF!

WE HAD TO BE VERY CAREFUL! WE HAD TO GET OFF THE MAIN HIGHWAY TO AVOID THE S.S. CARS AND GROPING OUR WAY WAS A LITTLE SLOW!

YES, WE'RE SORRY WE ARE LATE! BUT WE GOT HERE. YOU COULDN'T DO THAT JOB YOURSELF.

ENOUGH TALK NOW, FRIENDS! WE'VE A TOUGH JOB AHEAD! LET'S GO!



SLOWLY, THE TRIO WALKED PAST THE OLD PAPER MILL TOWARD THEIR OBJECTIVE.



HAVE YOU ALL YOUR SUPPLIES?

OF COURSE! EVERYTHING IS HERE INSIDE MY BLOUSE! THE MINE WAS UNDER THE TREE WHERE THEY SAID IT WOULD BE. EVERYTHING IS IN ORDER! HURRY UP!



FOR TWO HOURS THEY CREEPT FORWARD VERY CAUTIOUSLY... THE THREE KNEW THAT THEY MUST BE SUCCESSFUL!



AT TWO IN THE MORNING, THEY ARRIVED AT THEIR OBJECTIVE...

WHO WILL PLANT THE MINE?

YOU AND I ARE SMALL. IT TAKES TWO! MOSES IS TOO BIG AND CAN BE SEEN EASIER THAN US. HE'LL BE A LOOKOUT!



I THINK THAT YOU, ISKE, AND I SHOULD DO IT!

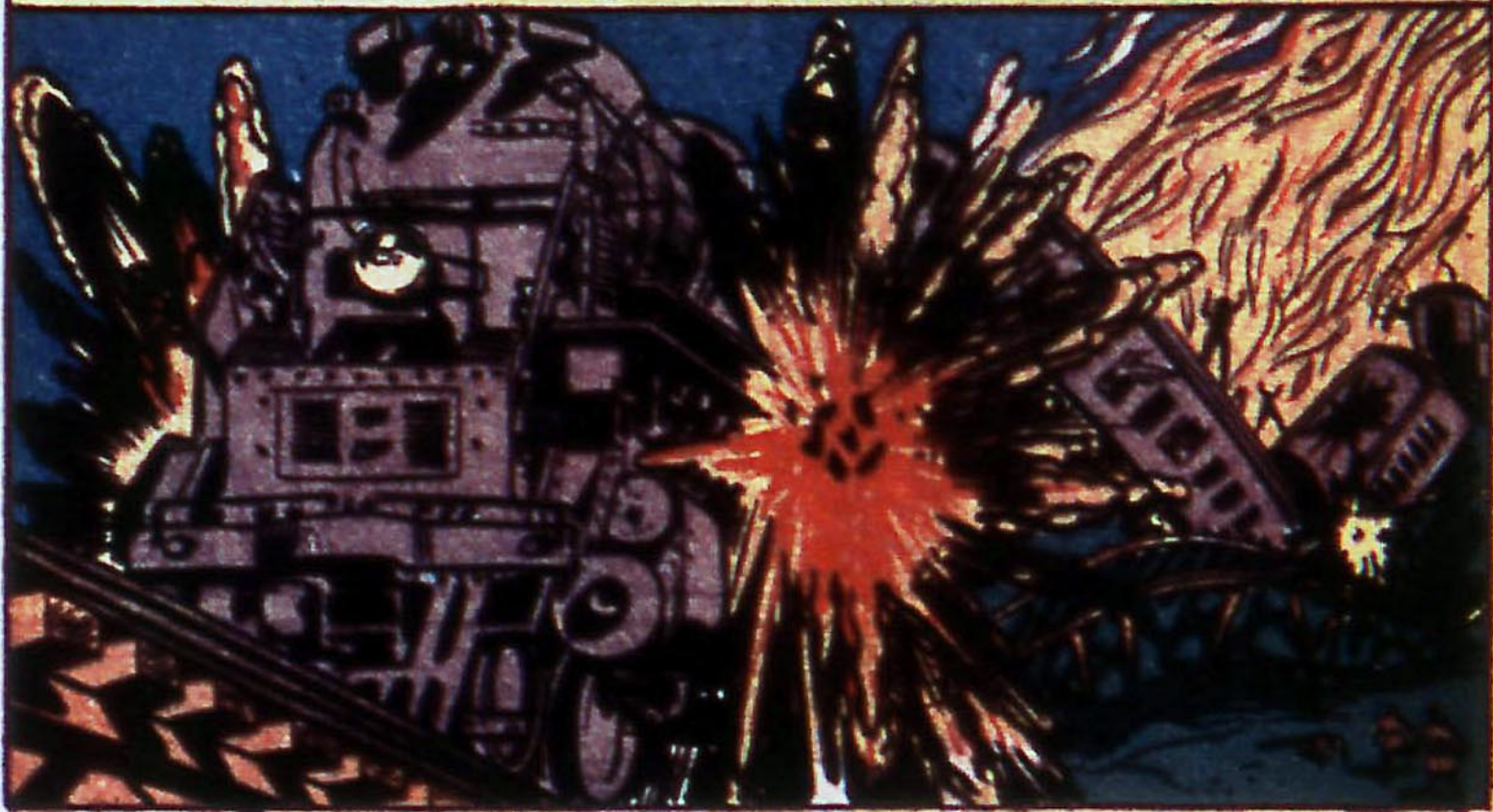
NO! THEY SAID THAT VITKE AND I SHOULD. YOU'RE GOING TO BE THE LOOKOUT!







THEN A TERRIFIC BLAST FILLED THE AIR AS THIRTEEN CARLOADS OF AMMUNITION WERE DESTROYED AS THE AIR BECAME FILLED WITH WRECKAGE AND HUMANS SCREAMING.



AND AS TERROR STRICKEN SOLDIERS RUSHED ABOUT MADLY, VITKE, ISKE AND MOSES SLIPPED INTO THE DARKNESS OF THE NIGHT—THEIR MISSION COMPLETED.



NEXT DAY PEASANTS NEARBY GATHERED TO CLEAR THE WRECKAGE TOLL OF 200 GERMAN SOLDIERS KILLED AND LARGE QUANTITIES OF GUNS AND MUNITIONS DESTROYED! TO THIS DAY, ONLY A FEW MEMBERS OF THE UNDERGROUND KNOW THAT THREE YOUNGSTERS FROM THE VILNIUS GHETTO WERE RESPONSIBLE FOR THIS!



Young ROBINHOOD

WHO WAS THE STRANGE
KNIGHT THAT BATTLED
YOUNG ROBINHOOD ON
THE TERRACE OF MYSTERY?
A FAIR MAIDEN'S FATE
HUNG IN THE BALANCE AS
THESE TWO DESPERATE
OPPONENTS CLASHED
COLD STEEL...



OH MY TOOTH,
ROBINHOOD - THE
DENTIST SAID IT WAS
INFECTED AND
COULDN'T COME
OUT YET!

DR.
DENTIST

JUST RELAX,
FRIAR, AND
TRY NOT TO
THINK ABOUT
IT!



I'M GLAD
THE DENTIST
GAVE ME SOME
DROPS TO EASE
THE PAIN!

THE SWELLING
WILL GO DOWN IN
A COUPLE OF DAYS
AND YOU CAN
HAVE IT
OUT.





GOSH, IT'S BEEN QUIET THE LAST FEW DAYS - THE ONLY THING EXCITING HAS BEEN FRIAR'S BAD TOOTH.



LET'S SEE - THE DENTIST SAID TO TAKE FIVE DROPS, AND SOAK MY TOOTH - AND TO BE CAREFUL NOT TO SWALLOW IT.



HEY FRIAR! YOU'RE NOT SO SICK YOU CAN'T THROW A FEW DAGGERS - C'MON!

HUH - OKAY - I'LL PLAY YOU A GAME!



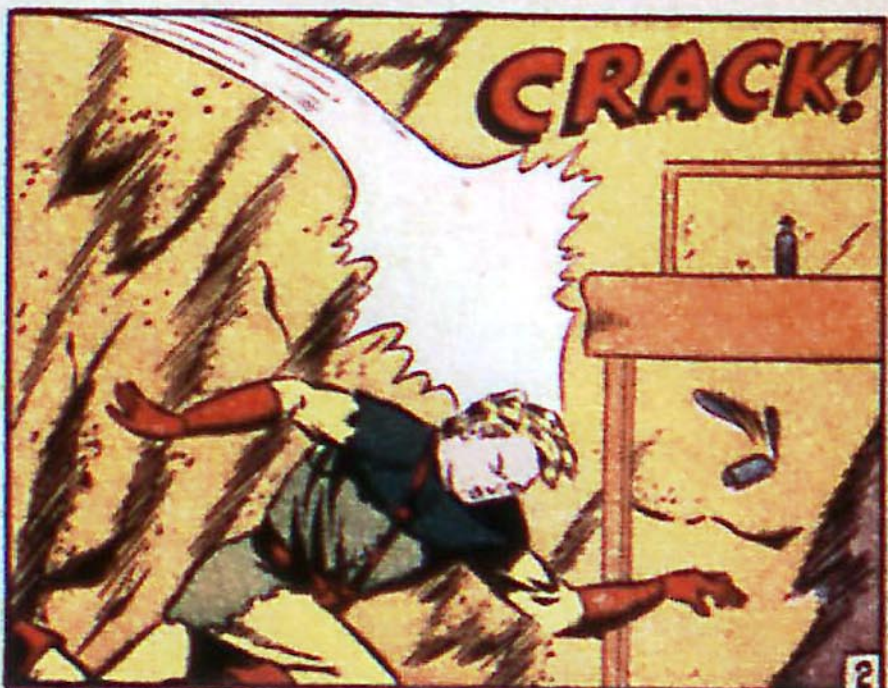
GOOD OLD FRIAR - ALWAYS READY TO MAKE FUN - EVEN WITH A TOOTH ACHE ... YOU PLAY, FELLERS, WHILE I GET A DRINK!



WATCH WHAT YOU'RE DRINKING, ROBIN!



GULP!



CRACK!

HO, SLOPPY ONE ...
WHAT FOUL PURPOSE
BRINGS SUCH TRASH
TO THE LANDS OF
PRINCE THIG?

HUH?
PRINCE THIG?



ON YOUR FEET, KNAVE.
A PRISON DUNGEON
AWAITS YOU!

LISTEN, MISTER, I
DON'T KNOW WHO
YOU ARE OR WHERE
I AM, BUT I'LL TAKE
NO MORE OF YOUR
SARCASM!



WHAT MANNER
OF FOOL ARE
YOU, TO CROSS
SWORDS WITH
PRINCE THIG?

LESS TALK
MY STRANGE
FRIEND... LET
YOUR SWORD
SPEAK FOR
ITSELF!

YOUR TONGUE IS
QUICKER THAN
YOUR BLADE,
PRINCE!

WE SHALL
SEE
ABOUT
IT!

NOW, PERHAPS
YOU'LL LET ME
GO MY WAY IN
PEACE,
MISTER!

CERTAINLY,
HA, HA, HA!



OW-W-W!



THANK YOU, THANK YOU, ROBIN HOOD
- FOR TRYING TO SAVE ME. THEY
TOOK UNFAIR ADVANTAGE OF YOU!



WHY... SHE'S BEAUTIFUL!
THAT MUST BE THE
REASON I CAME HERE -
TO RESCUE HER!



SO YOU LIKE MY FAIR
CAPTIVE, MY CLEVER
FOOL? I SHALL GIVE
YOU A CHANCE TO
WIN BOTH YOUR AND
HER FREEDOM!



VERY GENEROUS OF
YOU - PARTICULARLY
WHEN I DON'T EVEN
KNOW WHAT I'M
HELD HERE
FOR!

TOMORROW AT THE CASTLE
FAIR WE SHALL SHOOT FAIRLY
AND EVEN THE LONG BOW...
IF YOU DEFEAT ME, THE
LADY AND YOURSELF
ARE FREE TO GO!



AND IF I
DO NOT?

THEN YOU SHALL BE
MY PRISONERS UNTIL
DEATH TAKES YOU OFF
ON HER BLACK
WINES!



HA-HA-HA! NO ONE
IN THE ENTIRE
KINGDOM CAN
EVEN GIVE HIM
SPORT! HA-HA-HA!

THIS IS OUR
BEST
ARCHER.

MORNING...

ODD - BUT THESE
MEN SEEM
FAMILIAR!



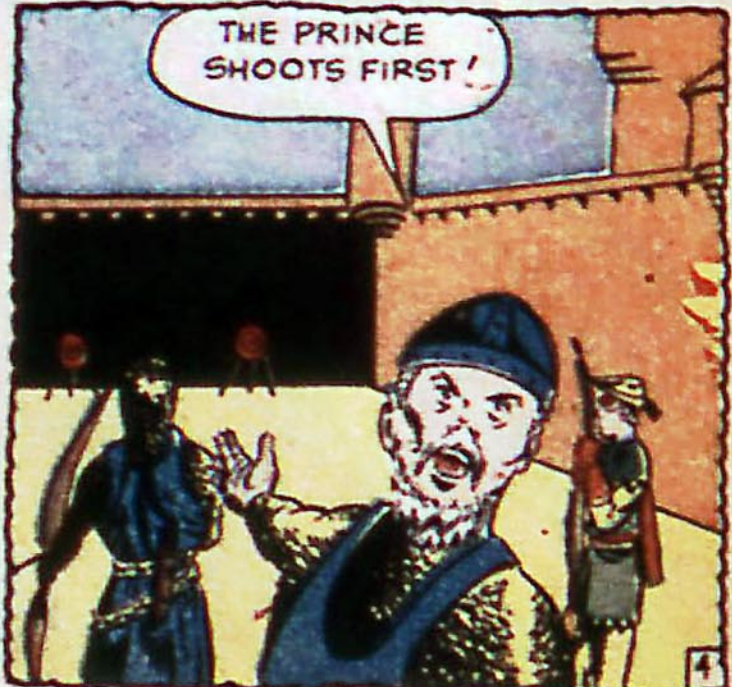
PSST- IT'S US, -
ROBINHOOD -
FRIAR AND
LITTLE JOHN!

COME TO SEE
YOU HAVE
FAIR PLAY!

GREAT!
GREAT!



THE PRINCE
SHOOTS FIRST!



GOSH, THAT PRINCE IS
REALLY GOOD - HE'S
MADE EVERY SHOT A
BULLS-EYE, AND I ONLY
GET ONE MORE
AFTER THIS!



WELL FOOL, ONE SHOT MORE
EACH! I'LL PUT THIS ONE
IN THE VERY CENTER
OF THE BULLS-EYE!



HE DID IT ... A PERFECT
BULLS-EYE! ROBINHOOD
CAN'T WIN NOW!



MAY THIS BE THE BEST
SHOT YOU EVER MADE
YOUNG ROBINHOOD!



BRAYO! BRAYO! HE SPLIT
THE PRINCE'S SHAFT!
ROBINHOOD, SHALL HAVE
TO GO FREE AFTER THAT!
THREE CHEERS!



HOLD -- HOLD, CHEERING
FOOLS! PRINCE, THIS WAS
NOT DEFEATED... CAST
THIS ROBINHOOD INTO
THE DUNGEONS - THE
CONTEST IS OVER!



IT'S THE TRICKERY
WE WAITED FOR!

HEAVE AT THEM,
ROBINHOOD! - WE'RE
BEHIND YOU WELL!



YOU'RE A GREAT
ARCHER, BUT A
POOR SPORT,
PRINCE!

WOOD
AGAINST
WOOD...
STEP
ASIDE,
BLOCK-
HEADS!



HOLD THEM OFF, LADS!
WE HAVE A MISSION
TO ACCOMPLISH
BEFORE WE
TAKE OUR
LEAVE!



ROBINHOOD, YOU WERE
WONDERFUL! I KNEW
YOU WOULD COME!



DON'T WORRY, PRINCESS! I'LL
SAVE YOU - JUST HOLD MY
HAND!

GEE, ROBIN, I'M
ALREADY SAVED
YOU TOOK MY
TOOTACHE DROPS,
BUT THE PAIN
IS GONE!



HA, HA, HA! HE WAS
DREAMING ... THE
PRINCESS, - HA! HA! HA!

HUH!



SEE
DISTANT
SIGHTS!

BEACHES

SEA AND SKY

3
LARGE
PRECISION-
GROUND,
OPTICAL
LENSES

THIS GIANT, 30-MILE-RANGE, 3½-FOOT SUPER-TELESCOPE with SUPER-POWER

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SHORT DISTANCES—with
CLOSE-UP DETAIL!**

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WITH YOUR ORDER

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- ☐ Send C.O.D. I will pay postman \$2.98 plus new C.O.D. and postage charges on arrival. (Same money back guarantee as above.)

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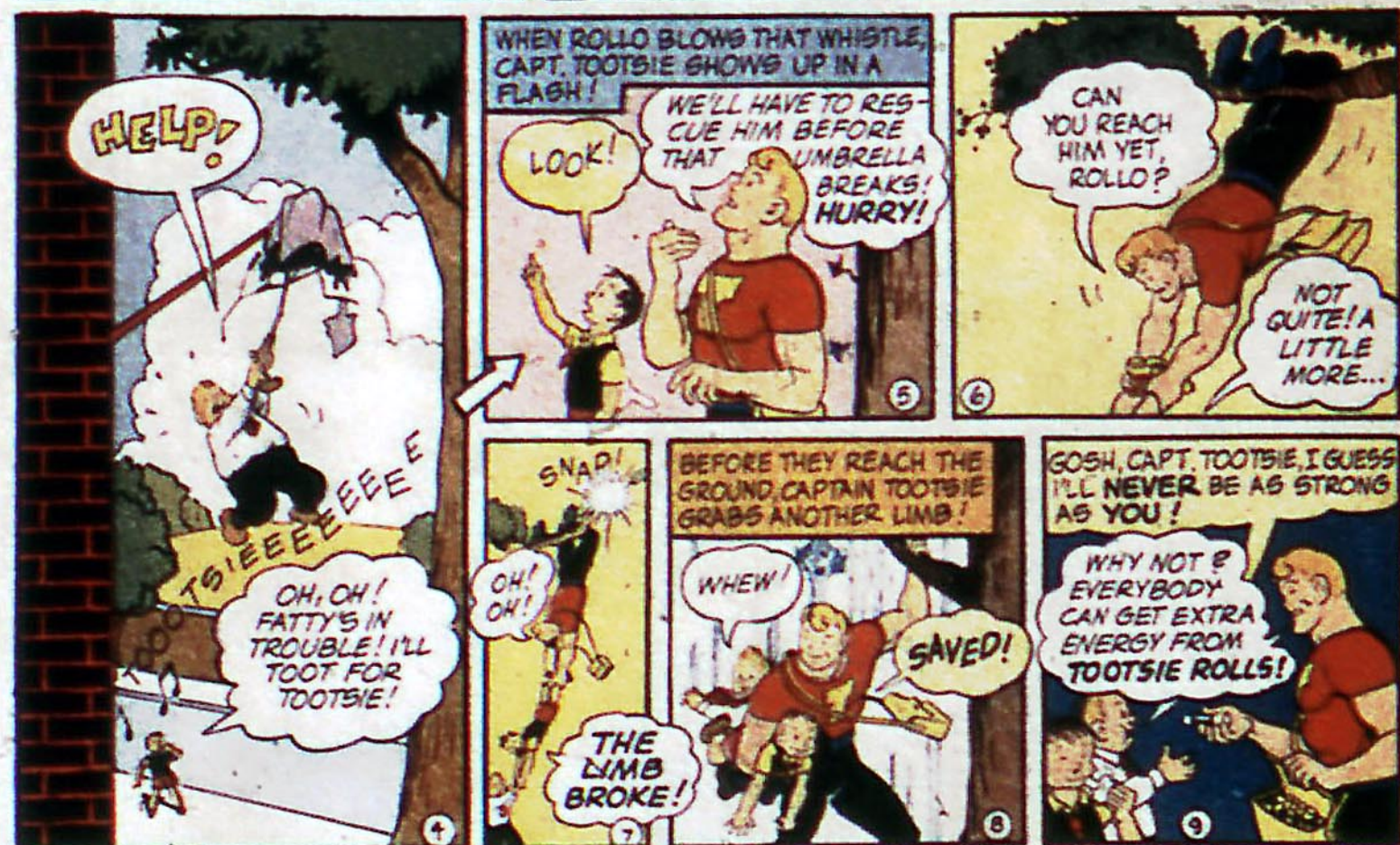
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Captain Tootsie AND THE BUMBERSHOOT JUMP!

BY ROD REED AND C. C. BECK



ZOWIE!

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Yes, Tootsie Rolls are not only delicious. They're fine food! They're made with milk and loads of other body-building ingredients which give you the energy you need to win. And Tootsie Rolls give you energy fast! You can fairly feel the energy rush to your muscles after you pop a Tootsie Roll into your mouth. Try a Tootsie!

Still Only 1¢